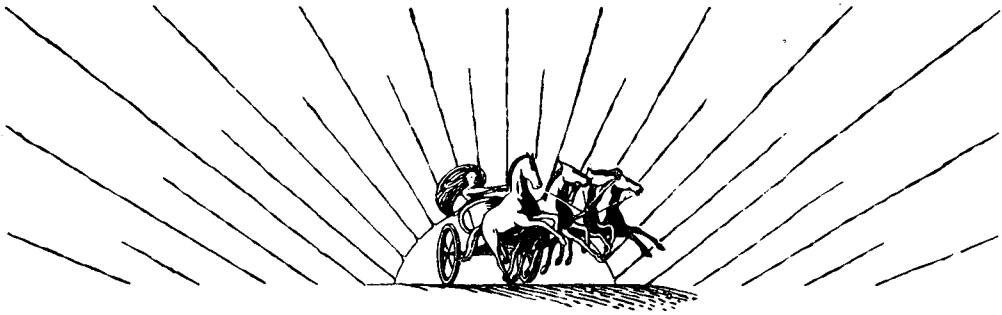

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Contents for April 24, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 171

PLAIN TALES FROM SYRIA . . . . . *People on the Spot* 177
Christian Government under a League Mandate

GENEVA AND AFTER . . . . . *A French Analysis* 181
A Diplomatic Episode with a Moral

A PRETORIA HOLIDAY . . . . . *C. Z. Klötzel* 184
Observing the Centenary of Oom Paul's Birth

LOVE'S PLANS . . . . . *W. H. Davies* 187
A Poem

WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST. I . . . . *Colonel Lebaud, Retired* 188
Experiences of a French Officer in the Rhineland

THE POOR OF PEKING . . . . . *Adjutant Jean Graham* 194
Scenes at a Salvation Army Kitchen

TOLSTOI AND TURGENEV . . . . . *Extracts from Correspondence* 197
The Thorny Friendship of Two Great Incompatibles

THE DORDOGNE . . . . . *H. J. Massingham* 201
Pre-Salon Art Records

THE SENSE OF SMELL . . . . . *Doctor Eric Ponder* 204
The Most Mysterious of the Famous Five

THE NEWSPAPER SOLILOQUIZES . . . . . *Thomas Hardy* 209
A Poem

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 210

BOOKS ABROAD 214

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 216

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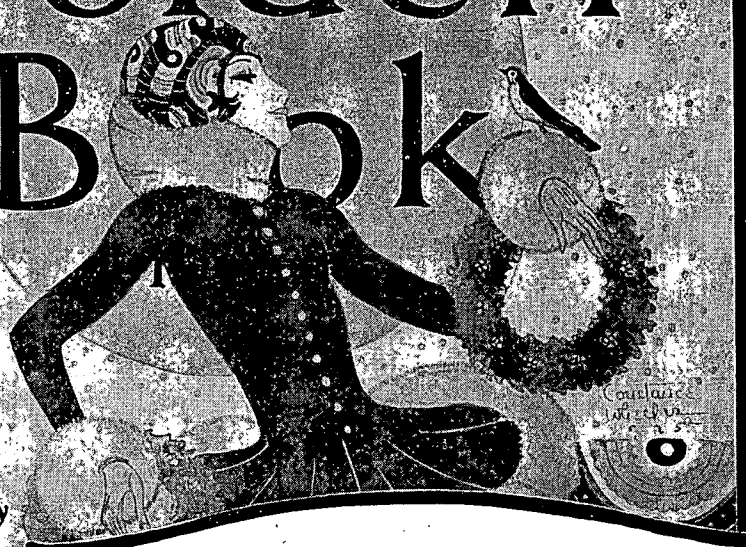

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

April 24, 1926

PLAIN TALES FROM SYRIA. Describe the present international situation of Syria. Tell what you may know of the history of the French mandate. Who are the Druses? Who is the present High Commissioner there? Comment on the revelations made by these narratives.

A PRETORIA HOLIDAY. Who was Oom Paul Kruger? Locate Cape Town, Johannesburg, Pretoria. Tell what you may know of General Hertzog, General Smuts, the Earl of Athlone.

TOLSTOI AND TURGENEV. How do you account for the incompatability of these two writers? Does their literary work throw any light on their relations? Report on what you may be able to learn of Fet.

THE DORDOGNE. Locate the Dordogne on an outline map of France. Explain: (1) 'some Magdalenian Leonardo'; (2) 'a process of magic for securing their stomachful of the ungulates and protecting themselves against the carnivores.'

THE SENSE OF SMELL. What is the chief problem in connection with the physiology of smelling? Summarize the answers that have been suggested for it. Write on 'The Uses of the Sense of Smell.'

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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February 15, 1927

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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Next Week

EUROPEAN OPINIONS ON DISARMAMENT

By Hugh F. Spender and Jacques Kayser

An English and a French publicist write on the difficulties in the way of disarmament and the relation between disarmament and security in commenting upon the proposed meeting of the preparatory Commission on Disarmament in May.

LATIN AMERICA: AN INTERPRETATION AND A PROPHECY

By José Vasconcelos

It is not only in English-speaking America that political and intellectual leaders are sanguine about the future. The former Mexican Minister of Education outlines to a Viennese audience the possibilities of Latin-American civilization and the obstacles it must overcome.

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S NOVELS

By Sheila Kaye-Smith

Poets are traditionally suspicious of one another and disinclined to judge one another generously. The same tradition has not established itself among novelists, and Miss Kaye-Smith — the author of *Joanna Godden*, and one of the most distinguished woman writers in England — pays very gracious tribute to the art of one of her contemporaries.

THE VINDICATION OF SAMUEL BUTLER

By C. E. M. Joad

The man who wrote *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh* is perhaps not so well remembered as an enemy of Darwin's, with whom he carried on a controversy over the process by which evolution takes place. Some recent observations and experiments tend to demonstrate that Butler may have had reason on his side.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *APRIL 24, 1926* — NO. 4268

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE CHIETI TRIAL

THE Fascisti did not have a good foreign press for their Matteotti murder trial. Certain papers have been syndicating a series of articles by Cesare Rossi, ex-chief of the Fascist Press Bureau but now an opponent of the present Government living in exile, charging Mussolini with at least moral complicity in the crime. Matteotti, although a Socialist leader, came from a wealthy commercial family from the district between Venice and Ferrara, and lived comfortably on independent means. He was not a blind Radical, but a man of unflinching courage and patient obduracy. He was slain, in all probability, because he possessed damaging information regarding the official misconduct of certain Fascisti in high places. He and Mussolini may have been akin in some respects, but Matteotti seems to have been the nobler character of the two. In any case, the virtual acquittal of his assailants was not accepted by most European papers, irrespective of their Party affiliations, as wiping all stain of guilt from the present Government.

Le Progrès Civique, a Paris Liberal weekly, credited Mussolini with a master hand in suppressing scandals, especially those affecting himself. 'The Matteotti crime raised more noise than all the other great murders of the last century or of this century. It seemed impossible that the trial of the assassins should have been held in virtual silence. But Mussolini has accomplished this. The investigations were dragged out for twenty-one months. *Il Duce*, shrewd psychologist as he is, counted upon the short memories of the populace. The Prime Minister did not permit the preliminary investigations to be terminated until a certain fog had been cast over the preciser outlines of the evidence. During the interval he dismissed and removed from the scene all the functionaries of intermediate or superior rank whom he had employed to organize and execute his vengeance. Then he transferred the trial to a little provincial town where reporters could find no accommodations. There the men who immediately committed the murder were brought to trial, but only under the indictment of "accidental

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murder."' *Journal des Débats*, which speaks for the Conservative wing of French opinion, after reviewing the history of the case, declared: 'The Matteotti tragedy is still an actuality. The Chieti verdict is a purely judicial dénouement. It does not settle the moral issues involved before the conscience of the world.' *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, a Democratic daily, characterized the trial as 'a black stain on Italy's ancient culture. It was delayed for months merely in order to give the world the spectacle of a farce.' And the London *New Statesman* characterized it as 'a carefully prepared travesty on justice . . . that will not easily be forgotten in Italy.'

A contributor to *Journal de Genève*, however, sees the issues involved in a light more favorable to Mussolini. After describing the tremendous wave of indignation and horror that swept over Italy immediately after the assassination, this writer says: 'For a moment it seemed as if good might come out of evil. Mussolini himself condemned the murder in these energetic words: "It is a crime against me." He seemed anxious to have full light thrown on the affair. He seized the opportunity to rid himself of his most compromising aides — Cesare Rossi, Finzi, and Marinelli. It is certain that Mussolini felt from time to time a strong desire to pass from a revolutionary to a settled and legal phase of government. This crisis promised to give him an opportunity to do so.'

But the Opposition refused to cooperate. Instead of distinguishing between Fascism and its chief, it persisted in identifying the two and drove Mussolini back into the arms of his followers by charging him with being the instigator of the crime. These men 'completely overlooked the fact that, although the Fascist Party is not well liked in Italy, and the Fascist Government is vigorously criticized, Mussolini enjoys extraordinary personal popularity.' That popularity enabled *Il Duce* not only to survive the crisis but to carry the Fascisti through it with him. It convinced him, moreover, that the only safe policy was a policy of force, and was followed by the appointment of Farinacci, the most militant man in his organization, as Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, the adoption of the recent radical Fascist laws, and the throttling of the Opposition press.

✤

DAS VOLKSBEGEHREN

NOTHING has happened in Germany since the 'Revolution' that suggests better the real attitude of the people toward their former rulers and the institutions that maintained them than the success of the petition, filed under the Constitution, in favor of expropriating the property of the deposed royal houses without compensation. Although the movement originated with the Communists and at first secured only the reluctant support of the Social Democrats, who apparently did not know just which way the cat would jump, and though it was opposed not only by the Monarchists but also by the Republican Parties of the Centre, 12,516,673 voters, or thirty-two per cent of all the registered electors, signed the petition. When we consider that in many German provincial districts the Junkers and the great employers are said to have used threats and duress to keep the people away from the petition desks, and that during the first days of the registration the authorities in some places failed to provide opportunities for the people to express their wishes, the result bears witness to a decided drift of public opinion in democratic directions. In

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fact, normally Conservative voters revolted against the leaders of their own parties, and a close examination of the registration shows that thousands of members of the so-called Right, and indeed of the extreme Right, must have privately signed the petition. For example, sixty thousand more signatures were registered for it in Berlin than were cast by all the Republican, Socialist, and Communist Parties together in the last Presidential election. The least that this proves is that Germans who may have enough sentimental attachment for the monarchy to vote for Monarchist candidates are not sufficiently devoted to that institution to turn over many million dollars' worth of property to the former monarchs.

Of course, the outcome of the Volksbegehren does not settle the question. The Reichstag may refuse to enact the expropriation law, in which case a referendum must be held. No one can feel sure what the outcome of a popular vote will be. It is generally predicted that a majority of the ballots actually cast will be in favor of expropriating the royal property without compensation, but that the measure will nevertheless fail to secure the approval of a majority of the thirty-nine million registered voters,—many of whom will stay away from the ballot boxes,—as is required by the Constitution.

*

AN INTERNATIONAL EIGHT-HOUR DAY

A CONFERENCE of the five Labor Ministers of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy was held at London last March with a view to putting into effect in their respective countries the Eight-Hour-Day Convention adopted at Washington some years ago. The broad purpose of the Convention, as most of our readers know, is to provide that persons engaged in industry shall normally work not more than an eight-hour day and a forty-eight-hour week. The present meeting was for the purpose of establishing uniform bases for the legislation to enforce this Convention, which has not been ratified because none of the governments principally interested has been convinced that its interpretation of this agreement coincided with that of rival industrial nations. At London a joint memorandum of fourteen articles designed to secure a uniform interpretation of the Convention was accepted and signed by the representatives of the Powers in question.

Now that the five great industrial countries of Western Europe have agreed upon a programme, a revival of interest elsewhere may be expected. Last January a member of the Japanese Parliament interpellated his Government upon its failure to fulfill its obligations under this Convention. When the latter was adopted certain exceptions were made in favor of Japan, in return for which her representatives accepted and agreed to carry out the decisions of the Conference. To be sure, Japan passed a Factory Act in 1923, but it did not embody all the provisions of the Washington Agreement, and it has not yet been put into effect. The Premier, in replying to the interpellation, shared the regret of his questioner at the delays that had occurred in enacting and applying the requisite legislation. He hoped that the Factory Act would soon be put into force, adding naïvely: 'It is not exactly in conformity with the decisions of the Washington Conference, but it can be said that the spirit of the decisions has been included to a considerable extent.' He pointed out more cogently, however, that Japan had been no more dilatory than the other countries who

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signed the Agreement in conforming with its requirements.

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A GREEK SPEAKS FOR NEW TURKEY

A LIVELY description of public opinion in Turkey, printed in *Eleftheron Vima*, an Athens Venizelist paper, last March, throws considerable light upon political conditions in Mustapha Kemal's 'republic.' The Opposition, according to this journal, is made up chiefly of merchants who acquired their fortunes before the war by usury or contraband and have tripled them since the war by buying up at ridiculous prices the seized properties of the Armenians. These opulent gentlemen are reënforced by many of the great landowners, former army-officers, Government officials, and certain classes of the Mohammedan clergy. Not a few of the landowners are Kurds, who carry with them their ignorant feudal subjects. Even the Kurd estate-owners are for the most part absolutely illiterate. All these elements of reaction fear Kemal Pasha's reforms, which sooner or later are bound to liberate the common people from their clutches. The landowners treat the peasants as slaves, the merchants exploit them ruthlessly, and the army officers and ex-officials are eager to recover access to the public crib.

Mustapha Kemal's opponents take advantage of some of his reforms — such as the emancipation of women and the effort to purify the priesthood — to play upon the ancient prejudices and religious passions of the people. When they affect liberalism — for instance, in demanding freedom of the press — it is because they would use the press to excite the fanaticism of the mob. In condemning the new reforms, their deeper aim is to restore the old tithe-system, to keep the peasantry in debt by usury, and to free themselves from the payment of the tax that the new Government has imposed on all uncultivated land, which constitutes seven eighths of the acreage of the big estates. They would dismiss wholesale the ablest and best-educated teachers in order to replace them with the old turbaned hadjis who formerly almost monopolized the instruction of the youth. They just now protest against the wholesale expulsion of the Greeks, but are at heart intensely xenophobe. They criticize the exchange of populations provided in the treaty, alleging that Russia will use it as a precedent for expelling the Turks when she seizes Eastern Anatolia — a danger upon which they constantly harp. By perpetually prophesying a Russian occupation they keep many Turks from investing in real estate or in new industrial enterprises.

✽

ITALY IN THE LEVANT

ITALY'S willingness to take over the French mandate in Syria naturally raises the question whether the people of that province would be happier under her 'protection' than under that of their present nominal masters. Few nations show a natural gift for ruling alien peoples, even when they are inspired by the most benevolent motives and when the alien people themselves are not pawns in international rivalries. We have had our own difficulties in the Philippines, and much more conspicuously in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Great Britain has had episodes in India, as has the South African Union with certain of her mandatory charges, that have required the hush-hush treatment to avoid a scandal. Might the difficulty not be aggravated where the trustee Power is afflicted with the Nationalist high temperatures common in Rome to-day? Some evidence to that effect appears in the following account of conditions in the Dode-

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canese Islands, — which Italy holds under a rather cloudy title, — published some weeks ago in the *New Statesman:* —

'Religious processions, sanctioned for centuries by the infidel, are forbidden by the spiritual subjects of the Pope. It is a crime to display the Greek national flag; so the people paint their houses blue and white instead. All schoolmasters are compelled to go to Rhodes to learn Italian; and, for the benefit of the observant stranger, all boatmen coming offshore to ships must speak Italian, and all cafés and street signs at the ports display the same coherence. Such transparent devices have lately bamboozled several correspondents of the English press.

'Materially, the prosperity of the islands is rapidly on the decline. In 1912 there were 143,080 inhabitants, in 1917 only 100,148. There are now less than 80,000. One example will suffice. The inhabitants of Kalymnos were completely dependent on the industry of sponge-fishing for their living. This the Italians deliberately prohibited, in favor of their sponge-beds off North Africa. In 1912 the population was 20,855; in 1917 it was 14,445. It has now sunk to barely 10,000.

'The conquerors have also adopted the ancient method of plantation, in the hope perhaps that by 1935 the process will enable them to bow gracefully to the political convention that demands the maintenance of treaties — counting on an anti-Greek majority in the promised plebiscite of Rhodes. To any Italian marrying a Dodecanesian a reward of five thousand lire is offered. Should the wife bring a house as dowry, the husband is given the legal right to purchase, without more ado, all the land around it. He settles, and to the interested tourist will appear indigenous.

'At present, however, the interested tourist will have some difficulty in landing. The authorities will seize on the smallest quibble to prevent him. Should he succeed, he will be shadowed, and unless he can pass as a Greek the inhabitants will not dare confide in him. There are reasons for these restrictions. Hitherto my facts — and they are facts straight from the mouths of exiles and eyewitnesses arriving in Athens — have touched simply on the principle of racial freedom, which England may or may not concern herself to uphold. In the Naval and Air base at Leros there is more concrete ground for interest. In the first place, the kind of work in progress provides definite proof that the Italians regard their occupation as permanent. On the shores of the bay they are building barracks, airplane hangars, and an arsenal, on a large scale. They have installed big modern guns. And they have a second air-base in preparation.'

*

THE HOUSE MEMOIRS AGAIN

L. G. MAXSE's Tory and anti-American review of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House,* which he entitles 'Some Indiscretions of Colonel House,' unfortunately reached our desk too late to be paired with the more liberal articles printed in our issue of last week. For diversity of opinion is always more interesting than unanimity, and this review certainly adds the dash of bitters to the cocktail, or the Tobasco sauce to the dressing, in British criticism of these two volumes. Their principal service, in Mr. Maxse's mind, is in the revelation they afford 'of the ingenuousness of great, wise, and eminent personages in Washington and London . . . singularly wanting either in worldly wisdom or in common-sense,' and their principal lesson for England

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and Europe is that 'the Eastern Hemisphere is regarded by Western politicians as a convenient stage on which to fight out their domestic battles at the expense of foreign nations and with the least possible risk to their own country.' The pilgrimages of the 'Texas Talleyrand' to Europe, though made 'in the guise of an idealist seeking the good of mankind,' were really taken 'with a keen eye to the main chance in Washington, his special and governing solicitude being the political fortunes of his President.' Once he was abroad, the more realist European statesmen acted with curious unanimity upon the principle that 'the only thing to do with an amateur diplomat is to pass him on to some other fellow.' Mr. House is assumed to have been unduly impressed by his conversation with the Kaiser because Americans are always 'an easy prey to any German who can talk fluent and forceful English and thereby spare them the humiliation of exposing their linguistic deficiencies.' Altogether, therefore, Colonel House's peace missions were predestined to failure from the very outset.

MINOR NOTES

GREAT BRITAIN'S drink bill in 1925, in spite of unemployment and industrial depression, was more than three hundred and fifteen million pounds sterling, or approximately one and one-half billion dollars. The consumption of absolute alcohol is declining, however, there having been a reduction of over forty-two per cent since before the war. Nevertheless it is estimated that the average expenditure for drink of every nonabstainer family in the United Kingdom last year was a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

THE *Saturday Review*, in discussing Great Britain's adverse trade-balance, observes that British shipyards are working to only one third of their capacity and have less tonnage under construction than for the past sixteen years. What is worse, the British no longer seem to be pioneers of the industry. 'The total motor tonnage now on the slips about equals the steam tonnage: in five of the principal Continental countries it is more than double, but in Great Britain and Ireland it is only half.'

ITALY AT GENEVA

Mussolini the giant policeman protecting France and the other small Powers from the Teutonic speed-fiend — *Travaso*, Rome

THE MATTEOTTI TRIAL

Castor oil, clubs, and stilettos for Justice — *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Vienna

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PLAIN TALES FROM SYRIA[1]

BY PEOPLE ON THE SPOT

[LAST February the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations met at Rome and received and approved the reports of various mandatory Powers, including the one submitted by France for Syria. Representatives of the Syrians protested there against the administration of the mandatory authorities, to the intense indignation of certain French papers like *Journal des Débats*, which criticized the Commission bitterly for giving audience to 'these shameless agitators.' A different light from that which the public received from Rome is thrown upon the Syrian situation, however, by the two articles we print below. The first, by the Beirut correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is confirmed vividly by the second, which is the substance of a private letter written by an American correspondent of undoubted veracity, then a resident of Damascus, about the time the Mandates Commission was in session.]

I

THE chance traveler who returns to Syria after two or three months' absence can see little apparent difference in the situation. The towns that one passes on the road — Homs, Tripoli, even Beirut itself — seem to be occupied with ordinary daily activities as though the war were miles away. Beirut is still busy with the re-laying of its tram-lines, Tripoli with the construction of its new municipal park. Only the presence of the mass of obvious refugees — the experienced traveler in the Near East has become so used to similar sights since the war that he can 'spot' a refugee at first glance — would lead one to suspect that anything untoward was happening.

The people's attitude reminds one painfully of the mental atmosphere of the trenches in France in the mid-winters of the war. In Syria people seem to have forgotten that there really is such a thing as public security and law and order, and accept quite complacently the news that so-and-so's goods have been stolen by the Druses on the railway to Damascus, or that so-and-so's son has been murdered on the road to Homs. Public confidence in the Government has completely evaporated. Men say openly that the thing may go on for months and even years, and, considering that the Government, after six months, is still unable to police the short line of road and railway connecting Beirut and Damascus, there seems to be some foundation for the fear.

Although the French have a garrison of ten thousand in Damascus, the Druses still come in to the city almost daily. A party of Druse leaders recently attended a service at a leading mosque in the town, actually depositing their rifles and bandoliers, with their shoes, at the door, and remained inside for half an hour unmolested by the police! Within the last few days a train has been wrecked on the Beirut-

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *March* 11, and a private letter

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Damascus line and all the passengers deprived of their clothes and money. In Damascus itself the people, being unarmed and at the mercy of both the troops and the Druses, have pluckily settled down to carrying on their ordinary occupations in the best way they can. It is significant both of their courage and of their ingrained business instinct that an American who made the trip to Damascus on purpose to do business with a well-known Arab antique shop in the city — imagining, of course, that there would be good bargains going — found that the prices were unchanged. 'I'm doing no business now,' admitted the dealer, 'but things will come round again. I shall get my price later on.'

The obvious question arises, What are the French doing? And the answer is, Practically nothing at all. They have not yet admitted that the trouble is serious, and they are, probably for political reasons at home, unwilling to allow French soldiers to risk their lives. Consequently the French troops, who alone are capable of settling the situation, are kept in the background, and the fighting and dying is done by the Moors and other 'black fellows,' whose names don't have to appear in the casualty lists in France. That is why the Damascus garrison of ten thousand retires to the citadel whenever the Druses enter the city, and why there is no effective policing of the roads and railways. Meanwhile the new High Commissioner is thought here to have been sent out to 'talk,' with a view to preventing further military operations; but the painful fact remains that the rebels are now out of hand, and the French will have to 'talk' in a rather more accommodating way if they really wish to avoid fighting.

Meanwhile the Druses are conducting their campaign with considerable skill. They have divided their fighting force into small bands, generally of not more than twenty-five men, and they calculate that each one of these is capable, with luck and in suitable country, of keeping busy a battalion of Government troops. Should an individual band be caught or wiped out — only twenty-five men have been lost. They appear to have plenty of arms and ammunition. They are using only rifles, and all artillery and machine-guns captured by them they destroy. They have, within limits, a large potential area for recruitment, their system being to come down on individual villages. The men, taken by surprise, usually join their ranks, and that village is thereafter compromised and forced to join their side. They have solved their medical problem by the ingenious method of kidnapping doctors in the villages and towns and forcing them to serve in their ranks. Several well-known Damascus doctors have been kidnapped in this way. Altogether their 'High Command' is not lacking in ideas, and, as they possess a small body of university-trained men of their own, they are probably not lacking in shrewd technical advice.

This is, of course, only one side of the picture — the most amusing side. The other is represented by the loss in industry and trade — the fields going out of cultivation, the steadily growing stream of refugees, the absence of the usual heavy and profitable winter tourist traffic, and, worst of all, the growing contempt for the Government and for the mentality of European politicians which make such a situation possible.

The Arab Government after the war did at least keep moderate order; but it was destroyed by the mandatory Power while the League of Nations, nominally the sovereign of the country,

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looked on. What, then, does the League intend to do now that the occupying mandatory Power has proved its inability to keep the peace? The League so far has said or done nothing, and its credit in Syria is in consequence very low. Admirers and supporters of the League can hardly blame the Syrians for calling it rude names. Under the Covenant, as people living under a Class A mandate, the Syrians were promised a choice of the mandatory Power. That promise was broken. They were promised moral support and advice for a local government set up by themselves. That promise was broken. They were promised conditions of stability and law and order, guaranteed by the presence of a European Power; yet for five years the country has been in a state of continual unrest, and for the last six months one of the three leading cities has been cut off from the rest of the country by bands of rebels which the Government have shown no ability to put down.

II

I AM afraid you may think that I am exaggerating things in the following lines, but I shall try to tell you only a small portion of the truth. I have read in several papers that 'calm reigns in Syria and Damascus. Only a slight local uprising has taken place in Jebel Druse, and the rebels consist of only two men, Sultan Attrash and Emil Zein, and their followers.' Even the reports to the League of Nations are of a similar nature.

It all depends on the definition of the word 'calm.' If this is calm I wonder how real war would look. We may not call this a real war, but it is a 'guerrilla war,' plundering and looting. Not a day or a night passes that we do not hear some violent shooting and cannonading in the city. At the end of almost every block there are fortifications built of sand and of rocks, even with tin roofs on the top, with machine-guns pointing in all directions. On many of the flat roofs are sandbag fortifications and light artillery. Barbed-wire entanglements are on practically every street-corner and on every public square. The city is under martial law, and in the evening the streets are completely closed. Furthermore, a barbed-wire entanglement has been made almost all round the city. To this has been added lately an electrified wire extending clear around the city. Yet the revolutionists enter every night and carry off some soldiers, attack the police stations and capture their ammunition, and very often kidnap prominent men and keep them until they get the demanded ransom. Thus far the victims taken in this manner have been only Moslems, because they are carefully avoiding any conflict between the Christians and the Moslems. Very often all communication with the outside world is cut. Trains are derailed and attacked. Traveling by automobile is an impossibility. Tourists are forbidden to come to Damascus.

Colored soldiers of all nationalities — Senegalese, Moroccans, Circassians, Tunisians, Armenians, and even Chinese — fill the streets. They are all hired butchers employed to kill the natives. Of course, you must not forget that there are some French soldiers too, and a great number of officers. In actual fighting it is the colored troops that are usually sent to the front, and for this reason the French have no losses. Five hundred or two thousand Circassians or Senegalese killed are no loss to the French because they do not have to answer for them in France. A great encouragement to the Circassians and Senegalese has been the privilege to loot. Hundreds of

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villages have been destroyed and burned after they had been looted. And you see the heroes coming in afterward with articles of all kinds and descriptions — donkeys, cows, chickens, kettles, blankets. Afterward you see the poor peasants pouring into the city, thinly clad, shivering from cold and hunger, not knowing where to lay their heads and where to find their next meal. Women suffer the worst from the attacks of these savage, degenerate soldiers. From time to time tanks drive through the Moslem section of Damascus shooting right and left indiscriminately. On one such parade of tanks about three hundred houses were riddled with bullets, and many were killed.

On February 16 a Moslem section of the town was chastised for its sins in the following manner. A few hundreds of Circassians and Armenians were sent out under French officers to loot and pillage. They were not contented with what they found in the houses, but they tore off the ears with the earrings of the Moslem women. Many women's hands were cut off for the sake of the rings and golden bracelets the women wore [Belgian precedents?]. I saw four of them at the police station. I was told that the men went from house to house and asked, 'Are you a Christian or a Moslem?' The Moslems were mercilessly murdered. One eyewitness told me that he saw one Moslem woman trying to escape from her home when she was killed by a bullet. Her baby fell on the ground and the man crushed its neck with the heel of his boot. The houses were not destroyed this time by shell-fire, but they found a new way of destroying them by running into them with tanks and then burning them after putting some kerosene inside.

The Moslems were so infuriated that they were all ready to leave their shops and kill every Armenian and Christian in the town, but the leaders managed to control the mob. The following day letters came from the revolutionary headquarters to Sheik Badri Dean, the head of the Moslem religious organizations, asking him to use all his influence in preventing a Christian massacre, and saying that this was the very thing that the French wanted, so that they might be able to spread the news in the world that the Moslems are massacring the Christians. Another letter was written to the Greek Patriarch telling him, among other things, that unless he and all the Christian leaders exerted themselves to keep the Christians (Armenians) from pillaging and massacring the Mohammedans they would not be responsible for what would happen in the future. They had done their best to protect the Christians thus far. Everybody felt uneasy and frightened, and even the French officers realized that they had to do something to quiet the people. Some Armenians were caught and the looted things were taken from them and then returned to some of the people. This was the first time that looted things were returned, although looting has been carried on ever since the war started. Some of the Circassians declared, however, that the more valuable things were in the hands of the French, and that they got only some of the worthless things, or rather the less valuable things. But I do not know how much truth there is in this statement. Among other things there was a sack of bloody bracelets and rings. Poor women, who had to lose their hands and their lives for a few glittering ornaments! Is not this a beautiful example of civilization and Christianity that the European nations are giving to the savage Arabs?

The prisons are filled with the better

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class of men, such as writers, poets, and graduates of foreign universities. But many of them managed to escape and are now taking the lead in revolution. Several of them have been officers in the Turkish army and know something about war tactics. If they had the ammunition and the equipment that the French have, I wonder what the result would be. It is a struggle of life and death, a struggle for liberty and for their rights. One would think that after this terrible example the people would be as meek and submissive as lambs, but, on the contrary, the whole section of Medan (a portion of Damascus) that was so severely punished has become revolutionist. Nobody dares to enter it, and not a French soldier or a policeman is left there.

A few days ago one of the important sheiks, Emir Fahour, joined the so-called bandits with his eight thousand men because his only son was killed by the French soldiers. He also succeeded in persuading another sheik to join with several thousand men. These alone would make more than Sultan Attrash and Prince Zein. The other day from forty to fifty airplanes were sent to the Druse mountains to bombard their villages, but the Druses had all hidden in the underground dwelling-places.

You have probably heard of the wonderful underground dwellings which their legends say were built about four thousand years ago by a giant race from which the Druses have supposedly descended. There are almost whole cities extending about sixteen miles in a stretch, with wells and a system of ventilation. The entrances and passages are known only to the Druses. Besides that, the mountains are almost inaccessible except on foot or horseback. It is impossible to reach them with tanks or heavy cannon. Although the cities and villages of the Druses have been destroyed by the airplanes, the Druses do not yet consider themselves conquered, but are still sitting like eagles in their nests.

GENEVA AND AFTER[1]

A FRENCH ANALYSIS

HERE is M. Briand, back in Paris after ten days of laborious international negotiations. He has made his ministerial statement. According to him, the Locarno spirit is still alive. The European group that concluded the Accord of last October is still in agreement. If Germany's admission to the Council of the League has been adjourned until September, it is merely because certain revisions of that body's constitution have proved necessary.

But the general public, which as a rule is uninformed of the details of the Locarno treaties and their relations to the League Covenant, and which knows still less of the actual internal functioning of the League, does not understand the successive phases through which the discussions have

[1] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *March* 20

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passed, and therefore sums up the situation in this simple fashion: Germany was booked to join the League; she has not joined; ergo, the Locarno Pact has failed. As generally happens, the simplest statement of the case is the farthest wrong.

France thought that Poland ought to enter the Council at the same time as Germany. Germany did not agree with this, and was not willing to promise to vote for Poland after she herself became a member of the Council. England officially agreed in principle with France. Czechoslovakia supported Poland's claim. Sweden opposed any enlargement of the Council. Spain and Brazil, on the other hand, wanted the Council enlarged in the hope that it would benefit them.

We favored Poland's joining the Council because we thought that her presence there would enable France to relinquish to some extent her post as attorney of the young Slav republic and, without betraying Warsaw, to settle her own outstanding questions with Germany more easily.

But as soon as the session opened, the delegates discovered that serious mistakes had been made that interfered with their discussions and threatened to make them futile.

First of all, the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers present at Geneva had promised their Parliaments at home to get certain specific advantages there for their own countries. The press grew irritable. Editors insisted that the representatives of their Governments should not yield an inch. Needless to say, no negotiation is possible if all the negotiators are rigidly bound not to negotiate.

In the second place, the Great Powers are inclined to overlook the fact that the League of Nations is not a docile instrument in their hands. They found themselves facing small Powers who understand quite well that Germany must be a member of the Council if the League is to have any vitality, but who are not inclined to follow the Great Powers blindly when the question of their own representation in the governing bodies of the League is at stake. If you enlarge the Council by adding new seats, you will weaken the Assembly to precisely that extent. Now a strong Assembly is the safeguard of democracy in international politics. It is also an automatic barrier against the imperialism of the stronger nations.

So it was evident at once that the Foreign Offices of the Great Powers had not taken the precaution to prepare the way for an immediate settlement of all the questions raised by Germany's entry into the League. Undoubtedly the Secretariat of the League foresaw these difficulties; but the functionaries of the Quai d'Orsay, of Wilhelmstrasse, of Downing Street, and of the Palazzo Chigi did not take them seriously. Persuaded that the last word rested with the 'Big Four,' they let their Foreign Ministers set out for Geneva — full of good intentions, but sadly unfurnished with *dossiers*.

Negotiations began. Luther and Stresemann, surrounded by a corps of remarkably able journalists in their citadel at the Hôtel Métropole, held out against Poland's admission. We must bear in mind that the Locarno Agreement, while protecting the rights of Poland, originated in Germany's proposal of a Rhine Pact, which Berlin designed should guarantee France upon the Rhine but leave Germany free to treat with Warsaw. Therefore it would have been very difficult for her to grant Poland advantages not specifically stipulated at Locarno.

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Briand, Boncour, and Loucheur, at the Hôtel des Bergues, decided to defend Poland's claim to a Council seat. The French press enthusiastically supported them. Our journalists were familiar with all the details of the matter. They had had a long experience with the League of Nations. They put themselves out to win over to their opinion their journalistic colleagues from other countries.

But it was evident at once that the Powers that had signed at Locarno had no intention of permitting the Assembly to divide into a pro-French and a pro-German party and thus to revive the antagonisms of the war. Every one of them was ready to make concessions to the limit. They approached closer to an agreement every day.

A sort of European Parliament, foreshadowed at Locarno, became a living reality at Geneva. Herr Luther quickly saw that he would get nothing by adopting a recalcitrant attitude toward Briand and Beneš and Skrzynski; that they were worth conciliating; that he must make compromises with them as he would with his own parliamentary colleagues. On the other hand, the former Allies were keenly appreciative of the prodigious effort that the Chancellor of the Reich was making to cultivate the spirit of peace in his country, and they too were ready to make concessions. So they all agreed upon a formula, and Brazil's obstinacy is the only reason why it is necessary to wait until September to apply it.

Now there is a big lesson in this last fact. With every week that passes the continent of Europe is becoming more keenly alive to its common interests — interests that are symbolized in a certain group of statesmen. Then there is another lesson: Germany, who chose at Locarno between Russia and Western Europe, stood true to her choice. She proved a second time that she had decided to remain one of us.

Even Mr. Unden, the crystalline Swede, cold as an iceberg, whose moral position was very strong indeed, abandoned his original attitude in the interest of a European understanding. And Señor Quinones de Leon of Spain, who had received strong assurances of support from England, pocketed his disappointment.

During the last days of the meeting the press of the entire world, including that of countries who are not represented in the Council and did not expect to be, waited breathlessly for the final decision. We could all feel it approaching. We expected every instant to see the column of smoke rising, as it does from the Vatican, to indicate that the conclave was ended and the election concluded.

But no. Brazil stood out. It was necessary to adjourn until September.

A thousand secret motives have been imagined for the unyielding attitude of Senhor Mello Franco. Did the United States of America encourage Brazil to insist that the Western Hemisphere should be represented at Geneva? Was Latin America jealous of Spain? Was Italy, who had made engagements at Locarno without a *quid pro quo*, trying to undermine the League by bringing pressure to bear through her thousands of immigrants in Brazil? These and numerous other conjectures even more fantastic were whispered about.

But first of all, there was not time for such elaborate combinations. Then why should the United States, which has shown so little sympathy with the League, suddenly become passionately interested in its constitution? And what possible practical advantage could Italy derive from encouraging

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Rio de Janeiro to resist to the end?

The truth is much simpler, much more convincing, and much more significant. A great ocean separates Europe from America — a seventeen days' sea journey. While Europe attaches more importance to peace than to national prestige, America, as represented by Brazil, values a personal success more than order in Europe. She does not feel as we do the vital necessity of the Locarno Accord. She is not willing to make the sacrifices that the Powers of Europe are ready to make. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

A PRETORIA HOLIDAY [1]

BY C. Z. KLÖTZEL

A PERSON can travel extensively in South Africa without realizing the presence of the Boers. For example, he can ride on the train from Cape Town to Johannesburg, and from there down to the coast at Durban, without hearing *Afrikaans* once. He will see Dutch words; he will notice by the side of 'Look and Listen' at every railway-crossing '*Kijkenlois*'; and wherever the sign 'Office' appears on a public building '*Kaantor*' stands just to the left of it. All official printing is in both languages, from railway tickets, trunk checks, telegraph blanks, and dining-car menus to the revised statutes and the reports of Parliament. But on city streets, in banks, in corporation offices, in big hotels and fashionable tearooms, at movie shows, and on the street cars, he hears only English.

I traveled from Cape Town to Johannesburg on South Africa's fastest train, the famous Union Express. Nevertheless, the trip took thirty-nine hours, during almost twenty of which we were crossing practically uninhabited country — either mountains, or else boundless plains where it was rare for more than two or three houses to be in sight at one time. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of a traditional Boer wagon with twenty yoke of oxen in front; but the old *pad* has long since become an automobile highway, and one sees ten Fords, Dodges, or Studebakers for every oxcart. At the little stations I occasionally saw men who reminded me remotely of peasants in the German coast provinces, or who at least did not resemble Anglo-American farmers. But they did not patronize the expensive express train. In fact I convinced myself that one cannot see South Africa from a car window.

So I visited Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, expressly to see the Boers celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of their greatest leader, Oom Paul Kruger. Even there it required an observant eye, up to the day of the celebration itself, to discover any difference from other towns, although the broad vocals and the gutteral consonants of the Boer *taal*, though not strongly in evidence, were

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *November 27*

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occasionally audible. The physical type was likewise slightly different, the English vertical succumbing somewhat to the Dutch horizontal. One noticed this most in case of the ladies. English girls were tall and slender; Boer girls, plump and stocky. English girls almost without exception bobbed their hair; Boer girls wore long hair done up in rolls over their ears. The English girls painted their faces white and red without much discrimination; the Boer girls were both less elegant and less artificial. In case of the men the difference was not so striking; but the broad-shouldered, heavy-walking, hard-fisted Boer type was none the less easy to distinguish from the slenderer and more athletic English figure.

Directly in front of the railway station stood Kruger's monument, which General Hertzog, the Union Premier, was to unveil. Its wrappings showed the *Vierkleur*, — Holland's blue, white, and red, — besides a rich green and the orange of the sister republic. Shop windows displayed Kruger mementos — old photographs of incidents during his administration, and several well-intended but not very successful paintings commemorating his achievements as an officer against the Zulus. But I did not see a single reminder of his fight against England or of his exile. The great inflow of visitors had not yet begun when I arrived, but here and there I saw scenes that made the old Boer life I had read about when a boy come back to life again. On one of the principal streets of Pretoria stands a little red-brick church in the centre of a rather large grassy square. Here half a dozen camp fires were burning within fifty feet of the nearest electric poles. Boer families coming from somewhere far away out in *die dorp* had parked their huge wagons in the shadow of the church, had put out their oxen and mules to graze on the green, and had bivouacked there for the duration of their stay. Later in the evening I heard a clatter of hoofs and saw tired men on tired horses ride past in military order, their cartridge-belts slung across their chests and the butts of their rifles resting on their knees. It was a *bürger kommando* just in from a twelve hours' ride from Johannesburg for the parade next day.

A pilgrimage to Kruger's grave began early the following morning, with a constant stream of street cars, buses, and automobiles moving out toward the churchyard. The grave itself was completely buried under flowers and wreaths, for every visitor brought his contribution. The huge crowd was packed densely around the spot, a bust of the dead patriot on a tall black pedestal towering over them and his country's banner flying above. A great chorus sang hymns in his mother tongue. It was a simple, informal ceremony, but dignified and impressive.

Directly opposite the cemetery were the Fair Grounds, where the forenoon's exercises were held. They were an excellent site for such an event, for the Boers fitted perfectly into the picture in the great open grassy paddock that once a year served for the live-stock exhibits. The crowd resembled a great family gathering — not a single policeman or a marshal or other master of ceremonies was visible. Everything went forward naturally and quietly in an atmosphere of perfect ease and equality. A visitor saw at once that these people were accustomed to settle their affairs as freemen. Here was democracy in its primitive purity.

Next to the Fair Grounds was the race-course, where the bürger kommandos mustered. They came riding in from every direction, and looked a trifle sloppy at a first glance. Most of the young fellows wore business suits and laced boots — in fact, many had on

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low shoes. But there were also several survivors of the old generation — men whom Oom Paul himself knew and led. They had retained all the externals of the old-time Boers — their tangled beards and big broad-brimmed soft hats. Whenever one of these old fighters appeared on his little sturdy pony he received tumultuous applause. These old chaps were in their glory. They galloped madly around and showed the younger fellows how to toss their rifles high in the air and catch them again while riding at breakneck speed.

In the afternoon Kruger's monument was unveiled. The sidewalks along the route of the procession were packed with a dense throng of people; but here again not a policeman was needed to keep them in order. In fact, the only ones I saw that day were a little escort of honor at the monument itself.

There the whole Cabinet was present. When General Smuts appeared he received a round of complimentary applause, but when a few minutes later Hertzog arrived the whole crowd stood on tiptoe and gave him a wild ovation. Then came the moment for which all the press photographers and cinema men were waiting. The two distinguished guests, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, shook hands. A couple of dozen camera-shutters clicked, three movie cameras began to grind, and the historic event was preserved for posterity.

Immediately commands were heard. The band played 'God Save the King,' and Hertzog greeted a distinguished-looking and well-groomed gentleman accompanied by a beautiful lady and a military adjutant. He was the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa and representative of His Britannic Majesty, who holds one of the pleasantest jobs in the world — to be on hand wherever anything important is happening, without having the slightest responsibility for it.

A moment later the parade reached the square in which the monument stood. First came a standard-bearer carrying the Transvaal flag, followed immediately by the bürger kommandos, who were received with a roar of applause, by a battery of the old State artillery in full uniform, by a Boer trek wagon, and by a number of floats with allegorical figures.

The first speaker of the day was General Hertzog. He occupied scarcely ten minutes. He is a man of arresting appearance, with a head that suggests the scholarly son of a peasant father, and wonderful eyes. He is calm strength and self-control personified, and clearly a man of iron will. He spoke very simply, without the slightest attempt at oratorical effect, and directly to the hearts of his hearers, and it was very plain that what he did not say was more than what he said. The next speaker was General Smuts, who began his speech in English, thereby arousing manifestations of violent disapproval from some of his hearers. But these were only a few words of greeting to the representative of the Crown. Then he too began *Jannie Afrikaans te praaten.*

Smuts is an eloquent speaker of the intellectual-statesman type — a very different man indeed from Oom Paul Kruger, who was more like Hertzog. For that reason Smuts is by no means as close to the heart of his people as was his predecessor, Louis Botha. He has mixed up too much in European affairs to appeal to the average Boer. Whatever his calibre as an international leader may be, he impressed me as too big a man for his own country as it is to-day. England should thank Cecil Rhodes, whose sharp eyes discovered young Smuts and sent him to

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England to study. But Smuts lived too long in the centre of the British Empire to be able to escape its shadow. Undoubtedly he is a patriotic South African. No one doubts that for a moment. But he has nothing in common with the Boers of the 'old observance,' who want to be independent, without strings to their independence. On the contrary, he believes it a priceless advantage for South Africa to be a member of the Empire.

When the wrappings fell from the statue and Oom Paul's figure gazed over the deeply moved throng, every man instantly bared his head and joined in the national hymn. If it is the purpose of a monument to preserve for posterity the personality of the man whom it represents, this statue by Van Wouv is one of the best I have ever seen. For the sculptor has succeeded in achieving the rare result of combining the human and the symbolical so perfectly that there is not the slightest clash between them.

LOVE'S PLANS

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Spectator*]

I'll go into the country now
  And find a little house;
And though its eyes are small, they shall
  Have heavy, leafy brows.
A house with curtains made of leaves,
  Hanging from every stone;
I'll pass before the windows oft,
  And it shall not be known.
I'll have a garden full of flowers,
  With many a corner-place,
Where Love can learn from spiders' webs
  To make her mats of lace.
And though I scorn a painted skin,
  Think not my tongue could scold her,
Should such fair things as butterflies
  Encourage her to powder.
And if, when I've been out with some
  Bass-singing, belted bee,
I take a drink or two myself —
  Will she not pardon me?

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WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST. I[1]

BY COLONEL LEBAUD, RETIRED

[EXCEPT for a few outstanding literary figures like Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse, France's ultra-Nationalists almost monopolize attention in the foreign press. This article presents a different aspect of French opinion, and one by no means undeserving of attention.]

I KNEW Germany slightly before the war, having spent several vacations in that country. Visits to Berlin and Munich, and bicycle tours over her Imperial highways, had given me some insight into the German mind. I was therefore not an utter stranger when I got off the train in October 1921 at the station of Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate, where I had been ordered to report as second in command of the French garrison.

I was glad to join the Army of Occupation. Having traveled over Germany as a civilian tourist, a little intimidated by her *Verboten* signs, I now came back in uniform as one of the victors. How many times before the war I had dreamed, when passing through a German town, of marching through it in triumph behind a brass band playing the 'Sambre-et-Meuse'! My dream had in part come true.

But I was even more curious than elated. What was going on in Germany? How were our people getting along with the Boches? How did the latter regard us and treat us? Kaiserslautern is a city of sixty-five thousand people, two thirds of whom are Protestants and one third Catholics. It is encircled by magnificent forests that come down to its very edge; and it manufactures furniture, bicycles, sewing machines, and many other things. The business centre is old, gray, and gloomy, although busy and animated; and the suburbs, which date from after 1870, have grown up planlessly, without conventional German regularity, and lack order and beauty — on the whole, a rather ugly place.

The people, who all seemed to wear angular, dull-colored clothing, did not impress me as sympathetic. When I met them on the street they would not look at me. But they showed no hostility — simply indifference. In a word, their attitude impressed me as dignified, and not obsequious as it had been immediately after the Armistice, when they still expected reprisals from us.

I could not look forward to a particularly agreeable time under these gray heavens and among these gray and sombre people, but I was pleased to think that the post promised at least variety. How many interesting problems it presented! And besides, I imagined that I might, in a modest way, be of some real service to my country.

I wanted to know at the outset how to conduct myself toward the inhabitants. 'What are our instructions on this point?' was my first question on arriving.

'Instructions? There are n't any. You don't have to conduct yourself

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *February* 6, 13

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toward the Boche. We 've licked them, have n't we? Well, we 've only got to keep them respectful — and at a distance.'

I soon discovered, however, that they were the ones who kept us at a distance. It was impossible to secure entrée to a German family. I comforted myself at first with the assumption that the people of Paris must have some ideas on the subject, which they had not yet communicated to us. Besides, it would be mighty strange if our French boys, who were such good fellows at heart, failed to win the affection of the natives. Little by little the Germans would begin to compare to our advantage our amiable manners with the brusque rudeness of their own officials and officers.

But it did not take long to undeceive me on these points. Evidently nothing was further from the minds of our superiors than to have us ingratiate ourselves with the Germans. Neither were the honest little French peasants in their sky-blue uniforms, who constituted the rank and file of my regiment, likely to impress the people among whom they were quartered by their manners or their appearance. Their old army-coats, whose original horizon-blue had faded to a dirty yellow, their frayed and sloppily wound puttees, their police caps generally worn hind side before, did not exactly recommend them to the eyes of people still filled with retrospective admiration for their own soldiers before the war. The Germans did not see, and would not have admitted in any case, the courage and initiative of our troops — their real capacity as fighting men. They judged them only by their externals. What chiefly impressed them was the negligence of a Government that dressed the troops representing it abroad so shabbily.

Everything else was in accord with this. Here were people who loved order, discipline, and propriety to excess. Yet they saw floating over their town five tricolored banners, symbols of the victorious nation — above the headquarters, the coöperative, the soldiers' club, the offices of the Interallied Delegation, and the gendarme headquarters. I shall surprise no one when I say that these colors resembled strikingly the weathered flags that adorn some of our public monuments in France — the blue had become a greenish yellow, the white was a dirty gray, and the red had run lamentably.

From our point of view the German people have many faults, but we all credit them with one excellent quality — a love of music. We are even surprised that a country with so little artistic taste in architecture, clothing, cooking, and other things, should be so musical. Now, every month the city orchestra gave excellent classical concerts within reach of the most modest purse. The concert-hall was invariably packed, not only with the best people of the city, but also with clerks, salesmen, and workingmen. It was a pleasure to watch this audience, absolutely motionless, listening devotedly for two hours to the works of their great composers, Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, or to classicists of the younger school like Boellmann and Max Reger.

Now what did we do to give the natives a favorable impression of our own music? It would not have been a bad thing to have had a few of our best military bands tour the occupied territory, or to have brought a few good symphony orchestras from France. That was done on a few occasions at Wiesbaden and Mainz when General Mangin, who was himself an excellent musician, was in command. But Wiesbaden and Mainz are not all the Rhine country. Nowhere else did we hear any good French music during my

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period of service. Our regimental band, consisting entirely of our own recruits, who had to learn music during their two years of service and sometimes within eighteen months, played so badly that its leader 'was ashamed,' as he himself declared to the Colonel, to have it play in the public square the two steps with drum and trumpet accompaniment, the waltzes, and the medleys which constituted its only repertoire. Later the people of Kaiserslautern were treated also to the native music of our African Scouts, which they called *Katzenmusik*.

We may joke as much as we will about the prudishness of the Germans, but it is a part of their character with which we had to deal. It may seem very ridiculous to us that a well-bred young lady should consider it hardly good form to linger in front of a show-window display of lingerie, at least if there were men in the vicinity. Nevertheless, this was a feeling to be taken into account if we hoped to impress the Rhinelander with the admirable qualities of France. Imagine my feelings, then, a few days after our arrival, to see posters displayed all over the city advertising a play to be given by the only French theatre troupe officially authorized by our Government to tour the occupied territories. The title itself was idiotic. The poster represented a little lady of the *Vie Parisienne* type in scanty garments, perched on one toe, with the other foot high in the air, and a *vieux polisson* leering at her. I shall never forget as long as I live the contemptuous regard that Germans, and especially German ladies, cast at these announcements of our 'art exports' — a regard that included also any Frenchman who chanced to be in the vicinity. This company played at Kaiserslautern about once a month, and its repertoire was all of the same kind. Needless to say, no German ever entered the theatre when it was there.

To be perfectly fair, our people did hit upon some happy ideas — free courses in French, French reading-rooms, and public soup-kitchens. Unfortunately, however, these, like all our other enterprises, suffered from lack of money. The people of the Palatinate were anxious to improve their French, of which they had learned the rudiments in school; but the emergency teachers appointed by the Interallied High Commission to conduct the classes were too few, and for the most part incompetent. The first time I visited the French reading-room at Kaiserslautern I was overwhelmed with shame. It was designed to attract Germans who wanted to learn more of our better writers, by giving them access to our best books and reviews, especially our illustrated journals. In a word, its purpose was to give the Germans a taste for France and French things. A capital idea! But I found the reading-room installed in a tiny shop in the care of a shabby soldier with unkempt hair, wearing a dirty, ragged overcoat. The books consisted of fifty old volumes on a single shelf, most of them dusty, dirty, and ragged. They were not even works by distinguished authors. The papers and magazines were equally unattractive. It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that I noticed one day that the place was closed. On inquiry I learned that the garrison, being somewhat depleted at that time, was no longer able to detail a soldier to look after the place.

Our soup kitchens were never able to supply more than a small fraction of the real need, for lack of money. There was a great deal of distress in Germany at this time. It would have taken only a trifling part of the vast sums that were wasted uselessly by the Army of Occupation to maintain them adequately.

So our well-intended but maladroit

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efforts to make ourselves popular with the Germans merely amused and disgusted them. Their Nationalists did not need to conduct any propaganda to keep the people from being attracted to France. Our authorities did that for them.

My experience in the Ruhr was a very brief one, for my regiment was transferred there in January and was disbanded during the general reorganization of the army the following March. Furthermore, I was detained at Kaiserslautern for a period, so that I actually spent only thirty days in that district.

Inasmuch as the Germans were offering passive resistance to our occupation, we were quite within our rights in trying to crush that resistance. But it would have been better to remember that we were not at war. Ordinary methods of constraint, including the employment of force, were justified. We had a right to requisition quarters, to take possession of schoolhouses and public buildings for our headquarters and administrative offices, and to use at our discretion such railway rolling stock, coal, and other means of transportation as we found available.

But that did not entitle us to employ brutality — a word that is not French. The *passage à tabac* of people discovered on the street after the hour when our regulations required them to be at home was not to be excused under any pretext. One day two German workmen were brought to me with their faces so bruised and bloody that they scarcely looked like human beings. 'Communists detected distributing tracts to the soldiers!' their guards reported.

I burst out with indignation at the way they had been mishandled.

'Ah, Colonel, you're too kind-hearted. They have done worse than that in France. You know how they acted there. They respect nothing but force.'

I admit that these very men may have committed certain atrocities in France; but we were then at war. Moreover, were we therefore to imitate the Boches and descend to their level? They may respect nothing but force, but I found them responsive enough to good treatment. They do admire force and authority, no matter by whom exercised. But they also have a sense of justice. I myself insisted that sabotage on the railways, attacks on sentinels, and the assassination of officers should be visited with prompt reprisals. But I still argue that a kindly smile from France would have won more hearts than the riding-whip slashes that some of our officers distributed so prodigally.

But I drop this unpleasant subject to come to the time when I was transferred to a regiment of Algerian Scouts, of which a battalion was garrisoned at Kaiserslautern. This took me back to my old station, where I was invested with the important duties of the commander of a district and of a section of the army. This was early in April 1923. My readers will remember that at this time passive resistance was being carried out all through the occupied territories. I therefore found myself in the same position with regard to the Germans at Kaiserslautern that I should have been in had I remained in the Ruhr.

German railway employees had struck. We were replacing them by French and Belgians. It was hard at first, but, thanks to the initiative, zeal, and energy of the men we brought from France, railway service was gradually restored.

When we consider the difficulties that these new employees met at every hand — put in charge of strange loco-

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motives, running over unfamiliar lines with a different system of signals, meeting with frequent sabotage, encountering the sullen hatred of the people — we can feel nothing but admiration for the way they performed their duties, although they numbered only a third of the former German force.

Unfortunately, the Germans did not appreciate what we were doing, because they swallowed all the lies that their own newspapers told them. The slightest accident on the line was heralded as a fearful disaster with several dead. When a train jumped the track because some 'patriot' had placed an obstruction on the rails, it was attributed to the incompetence of the French train crew. German Nationalist organizations had spies at every station who took the names of any native who dared to travel, no matter how urgent his trip. These names were published in 'disgrace lists' by the newspapers in the unoccupied territory.

But instead of trying tactfully to minimize this opposition, we only accentuated it. Our railway companies, in their hurried response to the demand for men to operate the lines, naturally did not send their snappiest employees to the Rhineland. The good fellows who came with their wives and children were as a rule pretty shabby-looking chaps, and this counted against us. Then we committed the big error of dressing them up at first in military uniforms. This blunder was made still worse by the fact that the uniforms did not fit. I shall not attempt to describe the impression produced upon the Germans when they saw our railway hands togged up like soldiers — but like Mardi gras soldiers. Many of them, having long since passed the age of active service, were dressed in little tunics that failed by a couple of feet or more to meet across their ample waist-expanse, and that did look like irresistibly funny monkey-jackets. Others wore overcoats that hardly came to their knees, or else just brushed the ground, as the luck of their allotment happened to be. Most of them wore wrinkled kepis, and had long, unkempt hair; and their uniforms combined all the colors of the rainbow.

In spite of the orders of their superiors, these impromptu soldiers seldom saluted anyone. Many a time when I passed a fellow in uniform on the street I had to turn with blushing cheeks and stare into a show-window to avoid the sarcastic smiles of the Germans watching us. We were ordered to be very indulgent with these men, for at the slightest reproof they threatened to go home to France. You may say these were trifles. Alas, such trifles became *kolossal* in Germany!

At the end of a few months our authorities, realizing what an absurdity they had committed, decided to put their railway employees back in civilian costumes. That made another circus. All the world knows how scrupulous the German workingman is about being attired properly. He never leaves his locomotive or his workshop without washing up and putting on his street clothes. I need hardly say that our good railway-boys refused to 'make any such fuss.' You met them on the principal business streets and residential avenues in oil-spotted overalls, ragged shirts wide open at the front, and faces black with soot and dust.

Surely they did nothing to improve the reputation of France in the eyes of the natives. But that is only a prelude to the story.

At the same time that we brought over our railway employees we also imported from home a staff of forest experts, timber-workers, and customs officials. We proposed to exploit the public forests and to collect the customs just as we proposed to run the

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railways. In order to find lodgings for all these people we had to evict the German functionaries who refused to obey our orders. These rough-and-ready evictions, with the requisition of the household furniture in the tenements, made us seem to the Germans to be lawless barbarians. And this was not so much due to the measure itself as to the way in which it was done.

Eviction List Number Ten, containing between one and two hundred names, was sent to me for execution. The functionaries named on the list were gathered together at a stated hour at police headquarters, put on a railway train under guard, and shipped across the Rhine, where Nationalist organizations received them with a great patriotic demonstration intended to impress the local population. Their families were to follow in four days. Their household furniture, left where it was by our orders, passed into the possession of our French employees.

Many a time would a weeping woman come to my office asking to have her eviction postponed a few days because one of her children was very ill or for some other equally imperative reason. Now, I had no discretion to grant such a permission. That could be done only by my superior at Landau. Needless to say, I sometimes exceeded my authority, and any little proof of human sympathy I exhibited had a wonderful effect upon the people of Kaiserslautern. The evictions I was called upon to make in the territory under my command numbered several thousand. You can well imagine what the total was in the entire occupied territory.

We did not stop with expulsion alone. We arrested and jailed anyone who refused to obey or who made difficulties, particularly notorious Nationalists. Having violated such or such an ordinance of the Interallied High Commission, a man would be haled, according to the seriousness of his offense, either before the police court at Kaiserslautern, which was presided over by a captain, or before a court-martial at Landau, presided over by a colonel. In waiting for his trial, sometimes several months, he was incarcerated in the city jail, which in ordinary times was reserved for common criminals, and which we requisitioned for this purpose, directing the Germans to take the ordinary occupants anywhere that suited them. A detachment of Scouts, under a sergeant appointed provisional warden, guarded the jail. It would have been good policy to treat these emergency prisoners well, but I was under strict orders not to do so.

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THE POOR OF PEKING [1]

SCENES AT A SALVATION ARMY KITCHEN

BY ADJUTANT JEAN GRAHAM

I INVITE you to come with me while we go sight-seeing in Peking. I shall not introduce you to beautiful places, but to interesting, if pathetic, people. I promise to keep altogether within the realm of fact.

Let us walk in a northerly direction from our little quarters. You are soon attracted by the number of queerly dressed men and women we pass on our way to the Lama Temple. They are Mongolians, who have come hither to worship the Living Buddha, who is at present the honored guest of the Peking Government. Though so odd, and dirty in appearance, they are really better off than the majority of busy people we see around; in fact, the greasier their silk and leather clothing, the greater their wealth.

But our business does not lie with these Mongolians. We will pass only through the grounds of their Lama Temple, that being the nearest way to our destination.

Leaving the Lama Temple, we emerge at the back into a small *hut'ung*. Turning the corner, we come upon a different class of people — the really poor. They are congregated outside the gate of another temple — the Temple of the White Tree. The halt, the blind, the lame, the old, the feeble, the diseased, and even the demented, are among this crowd of human wretchedness. Mothers are clasping little babies under thin clothing, and holding on to wee toddlers. A little child leads a blind beggar. An old woman of eighty hobbles along with the aid of a stick. Every kind of physical disablement seems to be portrayed here, and where, in other lands, the background would be a hospital and gentle care, here it is cold poverty and the merciless crushing of a hungry crowd. All are waiting for the porridge kitchen to open its doors.

We are allowed to enter in advance, and find ourselves in a spacious courtyard. The top has been covered with straw matting, and it is thus transformed into a comfortable shed. In one corner, styled the kitchen, two huge iron pots are built in. These generous vessels are capable of cooking sufficient yellow millet porridge to feed twelve hundred people. With the aid of rails and posts the shed is divided into four enclosures.

You think it strange that the Salvation Army should be thus occupying one of the courtyards of a Buddhist temple? But we need ample space for a food kitchen, and this is not always easy to secure. Temples usually possess many large unused courtyards; we begged the use of this one from the head priest here. He received us in his beautifully furnished private apartments at the rear of the Temple grounds. When, after much ceremony

[1] From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *February* 17

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and polite conversation, we preferred our request, he declared that ours was a good work, a charitable work; it was so kind of the foreigner to engage in this work; it was a favor to him to have such good work going on in his premises; and he graciously gave permission for the Army to plant a porridge kitchen in one corner of his domain.

But the porridge is now ready, and looks appetizing and nourishing. The huge doors are thrown open, and the police have much ado to keep order. No doubt all the people are hungry, but order must be preserved. To relax would mean a scramble, horrid and beastly, for a place inside the door. Ticket-holders are admitted first. These come from hundreds of homes that have been visited by Army officers, and represent a pitiful and varied history of poverty.

The day is bitterly cold, and ice is lying about the streets. Yet many of these people have but a single ragged garment. A number have the remains of many garments, the sum total of which, however, does not provide the warmth of one decent garment. Patches, paper, and string, if not popular, are evidently fashionable. A study of the faces that pass before us ought to move the pity of a sphinx. A knowledge of the facts of their lives should bring some kind of succor from those with hearts to feel.

As they file by the officer who is filling to the brim the bowls held out, I will give you brief details of some of their stories.

Do you see that tall thin woman who is carrying a lovely little girl? She was wealthy once — had her carriage and servant. The little girl's face betokens the retired life she has been used to. The ragged brocaded-silk garment tied tightly around the little body speaks of better days. Fortune's smile in China is particularly fickle. Her husband lost his position and his money, and to-day they fight rebelliously against poverty. A bare room, a brick bed half covered with a pile of unsalable books, a small stove, some broken vessels, and very meagre bedding, comprise the present home. This woman, who is well educated, has sought God's help. She is trying to be good, but the memories of other days — the luxuries, the theatre, the parties, the social round, and the accompaniments of wealth — rise before her and mock her; a rebellious look lingers in her piercing dark eyes. She needs praying for. We try to help her in other ways, too; but *there are so many others!*

Glance at that quiet-looking woman with faultlessly clean, if thin, garments; she is looking nervously around at the press of uncleanness beside her. Her soul revolts against this close contact with filth, disease, and vermin. The delicate pale-faced girl with her shrinks back, and looks appealingly at her mother. Driven by hunger, they have conquered their pride and come to the porridge kitchen, but they had not reckoned on this! They have too recently descended from comfort to poverty to be at all happy here, or even much comforted with the food. They are feeling they would rather starve than endure this again.

They are living in a tiny room near our hall. The father is very proud and anxious to conceal his poverty. He was a well-paid official before the fortunes of war expelled him from his position. He has a little property, and has borrowed as much as possible on this security. He is trying now to sell it, but finds the matter difficult. All available clothing has been pawned.

This family attend our meetings, and each has professed conversion. The girl was the first to take this step. The mother longed to become a Chris-

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tian also, but was afraid of her husband. One inclement night he came to a poorly attended meeting, and at the close voluntarily sought salvation. His wife could scarcely believe her eyes, and joyfully joined him at the penitent form. They were a happy family circle that night.

He cannot get work. His wife does what little sewing or washing she can get. But the sky is dark. The girl's face grows whiter and more transparent, for she broods over the change so. We encourage them, and help all we can; but their faith is weak, and *there are so many others!*

The little bent woman of sixty-three now passing us looks weary of the struggle for existence. I found myself in her husband's ricksha one day, and drew a sad tale from him. They had two sons, and expected some measure of comfort in their old age, for their sons would take care of them. But one died of consumption, and then this last year the other also was taken from them through the same cruel sickness. The poor old man of sixty-five crawls along the streets drawing his ricksha behind him. It is his only means of livelihood. He is thankful that his old lady can get a bowl of porridge every day.

Do you see that boy with his head covered with sores? His mother died a few months ago, and soon after his father sickened, and has not worked or walked since. The cold floor of a neighbor's outer room is their bed. Until recently they had not even a straw mat between them and the cold clay surface. A small brother of four has been sick for a long time, and lies covered with sores beside the father. They wait in the freezing atmosphere for the elder boy to bring something home from the day's begging or from the porridge kitchen. The elder boy feels the burden, and looks as if he does not hope for the clouds ever to lift.

I see you took notice of the pale-faced sickly man who — wonder of wonders in this place! — stepped courteously aside to let others pass. One knows instinctively that he is a gentleman. He is well educated, and has had a serious reverse of fortune. He is sick and cannot work. His wife lies in the wretched comfortless place they call home, awaiting death. The awful cough that sometimes brings a crimson stream from her lips tells its own tale.

For him, as yet no gleam of hope pierces the darkness.

That tall gray-bearded man, with a grandfatherly face, has an only son who is a policeman. Misgovernment means hardship for many innocent people. The policeman in China does his work in war and peace, whether under good government, bad, or none, and is wretchedly paid; often for months he is not paid at all. The aged father and mother, two children, and the wife of this particular policeman are needing food and clothing. The industrious little wife is clever with her needle and works hard when she can get extra to do. Her white lips and drawn face bespeak poverty and anxiety. She cannot come to the kitchen, for she cannot spare the time, but grandfather and the little boy can come, and that helps a little.

Notice those girls with some very fine sewing in their hands. They unfortunately receive very little money for their work. They have been trying to sew while waiting for their porridge, but the crushing, and the uncertain light, make such an attempt difficult. They are wondering if it would not be better to stay at home and sew. But this basin of hot porridge is a *sure* meal! It is a problem to them.

As we have chatted, a continuous line of hungry people has slowly passed along. Literally, there have been hun-

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dreds of them. Mixed in with such people as I have told you about has been the beggar class — many of whom have settled down to the grime of poverty, and who look for nothing else. Now the thousandth basin is being filled. You look bewildered!

The last guest of the day is approaching. He is a fine-looking old gentleman whose venerable appearance commands respect. His innate good-breeding has prevented his struggling for an earlier place. He also is of the number who once enjoyed wealth, and is an innocent victim of the uncertainties and cruelties of China's political muddle. His must be a particularly hard road to tread.

Yes, this kitchen is open every afternoon. There are five others supervised by Salvationists in Peking, and one in Tientsin, and it is safe to say that about seven thousand people are fed daily therein. When we think it wise, we send the hot food home; or in some cases dry millet is given.

Here we are on the main road again, among the Mongols and people who are more fortunately situated than those we have been with this afternoon. Your way leads southward. I hope we shall meet again.

TOLSTOI AND TURGENEV[1]

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE

Even before Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoi made the acquaintance of Ivan Sergyeevich Turgenev, he had dedicated to him his 'Cutting of the Forest.' This was the occasion for the first letter exchanged between them, dated October 9, 1855, in which Turgenev expressed his hope that Tolstoi would soon return from the front [in Crimea] and that their personal acquaintance would be of mutual benefit. A month and a half later — on November 23, 1855 — they met. Then a year elapsed, and in December 1856 Turgenev wrote the following letter to Tolstoi: —

'I may now stretch out my hand to you across the chasm between us, which long ago became an almost imperceptible crack — we will not even mention it, for it does not deserve attention.'

This letter, however, was written only two weeks after Turgenev had made this confession to Tolstoi: 'There is much in you that ruffles me. . . . However, let 's hope that time will turn it all to the best.'

Another letter from Turgenev to Tolstoi, dated late in the same year, throws light on the nature of their differences: —

'I am now convinced that apart from our specific, so to say literary, interests we have but few points of contact. Your entire life is colored by your feeling for the future, mine by my feeling for the past. I cannot possibly follow you, nor can you follow me. I can assure you that I have never suspected you of any meanness or literary jeal-

[1] From *Dni* (Paris Russian-language Moderate-Socialist daily), *March* 14. Documents quoted from *Ogoniok* (Moscow literary illustrated weekly), *February* 28

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ousy. I found in you — if you will excuse the expression — a good deal that was nonsensical, but never anything positively bad. You yourself are wise enough to know that if either of us has a reason for envying the other, it is not I.'

In the following year, 1857, Turgenev became definitely convinced that 'just the same, I cannot manage to get on intimate terms with Tolstoi: we look at things too differently.' This was said in his letter to the journalist Kolbasin on March 8, 1857. A month later Turgenev wrote about Tolstoi: 'He is a strange man. I have never met his like before, and I quite fail to understand him. A mixture of poet, Calvinist, fanatic, and lord, he reminds you somehow of Rousseau, though he is more honest than Rousseau; a highly ethical and yet unattractive being.'

Three years passed. The correspondence of both Turgenev and Tolstoi with their respective friends during that period is full of interesting confessions. 'Tolstoi and I talked amicably, and parted as friends. It seems as if no misunderstandings can exist between us, for we understand each other thoroughly, and know that we cannot become intimate friends; we are made of different clay.' Concerning this same interview with Tolstoi, Turgenev wrote to Annenkov a few days later: 'Tolstoi was here to see me a couple of weeks ago, but with the best will in the world we cannot agree.'

Things continued in this fashion until the spring of 1861, when both writers met at Fet's estate, Stepanovka. Here occurred the famous quarrel that divided them for many years to come.

This is Fet's description of the scene: —

'In the morning, at the usual hour, which is about eight o'clock, my guests came down to the dining-room, where my wife presided at the head of the table near the samovar and I sat down at the opposite end to wait for my coffee. Turgenev sat down at her right, Tolstoi at her left. Knowing how much importance Turgenev attached at that time to the upbringing of his daughter, my wife asked him whether he was well satisfied with her English governess. Turgenev praised the governess highly, and among other things related how, with her English punctilio, she had asked him the exact amount of money allowed the girl for philanthropic purposes. "And now," he concluded, "this Englishwoman wants my daughter to take poor people's torn clothes home with her and mend them with her own hands."

'"And do you consider this right?" Tolstoi asked.

'"Yes, it will bring the philanthropic lady face to face with genuine misery."

'"And I think that a well-dressed young girl who sits and mends dirty, ill-smelling rags is indulging in a hypocritical, theatrical performance!"

'"I beg you not to say such things!" Turgenev retorted, his nostrils dilating.

'"Why should n't I say what I am perfectly certain of?"

'I had no time to utter "Stop!" to Turgenev before, pale with rage, he exclaimed, "Then I will silence you with an insult!" At this he sprang to his feet, but then put both his hands to his head and walked out quickly into another room. In a moment he returned, and said to my wife: "For heaven's sake, forgive my monstrous act; I regret it deeply." Upon this he left.

'I understood how impossible it was for the two to stay longer in the same house, so I ordered Turgenev's carriage to be ready, while the Count was to be taken in a carriage of mine to Fedot,

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a man who kept horses and could take him further on his way.' Fedot, by the way, was a type later reproduced in one of Turgenev's stories. As soon as Tolstoi reached the village of Novoselki, which was the estate of his friend P. M. Borisov, he sent a servant to his own estate, Nikolskoe, to fetch pistols and cartridges, and then wrote a letter to Turgenev. The authentic letter has been found among Turgenev's papers, which are now in the custody of the Pushkin House of the Russian Academy of Sciences. It reads: —

'I hope that your conscience has already told you how badly you behaved both to me and to Fet and his wife. Will you please therefore write me a letter which I can show to them. Let me know if you find my request unreasonable. I shall wait at Boguslav.'

Failing to receive an answer, Tolstoi wrote again to Turgenev, explaining with some acerbity that he did not wish to have the vulgar sort of duel in which two writers take a third one as a witness and meet with pistols, only to close the affair with champagne, but that he wanted to fight in earnest and was asking Turgenev to come to the forest-edge at Boguslav, with firearms.

The following is Turgenev's answer to Tolstoi's first note, which had been delayed: —

'In reply to your letter, I can only repeat to you what I myself thought it my duty to declare when we were at Fet's house. Carried away by an uncontrollable feeling of animosity, the grounds of which need not now be discussed, I insulted you without positive provocation on your side, and then begged your pardon. This morning's incident has clearly shown that no attempt at rapprochement between two such opposite natures as yours and mine can lead to any good; I am therefore fulfilling my duty to you so much the more gladly since this is likely to be the end of the relations between us. It is my earnest desire that this should satisfy you, and I consent beforehand to whatever use you may make of this letter.'

On receipt of this letter Tolstoi informed Fet about it. His second note to Turgenev — of which the authentic text has not been preserved — was answered by Turgenev in the same spirit as before. Tolstoi then wrote to Fet: —

'Turgenev is a ——, which I beg you to transmit to him as accurately as you transmit his nice phrases to me, in spite of my repeated request that you refrain from mentioning him.

'And I beg you not to write to me again, for I am not going to open any more letters from you or Turgenev.'

Here ended all the correspondence immediately following the quarrel. But on September 25, 1861, Tolstoi wrote again to Turgenev, expressing his regret that their feelings were antagonistic. 'If I insulted you, forgive me. The thought of having an enemy is unbearably painful to me.' This letter was sent to the bookseller Davydov, who had business connections with Turgenev, but it did not reach Turgenev until January 1862. In the meantime, alarmed by some false rumors, Turgenev wrote to Tolstoi from Paris in October 1861 a rather sharp letter, the text of which has not yet been found, but which Tolstoi mentioned in his diary as follows: —

'October. Yesterday received a letter from Turgenev accusing me of spreading reports that he is a coward and of distributing copies of my letter to him. Have written to him that it is all nonsense.'

Here is the text of his letter to Turgenev: —

'In your letter you speak of my act

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as a dishonorable one; moreover, you have personally declared that you will "give me one in the face." But I beg you to pardon me. I recognize my fault, and I refuse to challenge you.'

Concerning this letter Turgenev wrote to Fet on November 8 of that same year: —

'Tolstoi has sent me a letter in which he states again in what way he has been insulted by me, asks me to forgive him, and refuses to challenge me. Of course the affair will end right there, but I ask you only to tell him that I myself refuse to challenge him or do anything of the sort, and hope that all this will now be buried forever. I have destroyed his letter of excuse — and now it 's *de profundis* as to the whole affair.'

To be sure, Turgenev did not destroy the letter that we have reproduced above. This correspondence inaugurated a sixteen years' silence between the two men.

In April 1878 Tolstoi wrote the following letter to Turgenev from Tula — one of those recently discovered for the first time: —

'Ivan Sergyeevich! Lately, whenever I have happened to remember our relations, I have felt, to my astonishment and joy, that I have no animosity left toward you. Would God that the same were true on your side. To tell the truth, knowing your kindness, I am almost sure that your bad feeling for me passed even before mine did. If that is so, let us shake hands, and please forgive me quite, to the end, for whatever I had done to you.

'To me it seems so natural to remember you on the good side alone, for I saw much of it. I remember that I owe you my literary reputation, I remember the good-will you showed to me and to my writings. Perhaps you may have similar memories of me, for there was a time when I loved you sincerely.

'In all candor, if you can forgive me, I offer you all the friendship of which I am capable. In our age there is but one blessing to be found, kind relations with people, and I shall be only too glad if such relations may be established between the two of us.'

Turgenev answered: —

'With the greatest pleasure I am ready to renew our former friendship, and to press your proffered hand.'

Three months later Turgenev visited Tolstoi at Iasnaia Poliana. Some correspondence passed between them afterward, and everything in the past seemed forgotten. But Tolstoi's true attitude during those years comes to light only with the newly discovered and published letter to Turgenev: —

'No matter how much I love you and how much I believe that you are well disposed toward me, it seems to me that you are somehow being ironical. Therefore, I beg you, let us not speak of my writings. You know that every man blows his nose in his own particular way, and you may believe me that I express myself in the same way that I blow my nose.'

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THE DORDOGNE [1]

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

It is little use to think of England in the Dordogne, especially as one is far enough north of Avignon, Carcassonne, Nîmes, and Arles to escape the atmospheric pressure of the *Times*. It is a limestone country incised into flat and mostly narrow valleys by waterways which have degenerated into marshy rivulets, or been civilized into the Beune, the Dronne, the Dordogne, and the Vézère, spanned by those innumerable mediæval and Renaissance bridges which differ as one flower from another. The Dordogne province is a human palimpsest, and has a glow and warmth of look about it into the bargain. Though its naked rock masses recall Cornwall, it has nothing of Cornish remoteness and savagery, while their corner-turning bluffs into the next valley — there is always a next valley and a next — are never angular. Yet the Dordogne is wild too, and an undiscovered country from which no traveler ever wants to return — so wild that the little valley tossing round the curve over there may lap a wild boar, and him perhaps rubbing his historic self against the masonry of some mouldered château of the twelfth century, a gaunt shell from which the turbid sea of human life has departed. If you *will* Anglicize the Dordogne, you might at a pinch call it a mixture of Quantock, for the thin woodland pelt of its slopes, and Mendip, for its natural architecture in the round and winding ways of gloom beneath the hill-crust.

But the Dordogne, for all its maze of adventurous valleys, some so mignon that you think you might jump over them from one vast rock-portal to the other, has a coherent modeling which is its very own and totally unlike the configuration of other limestone ranges. Its broader valleys — that of the Vézère, for example — release lateral tributaries with the careless gestures of an artist with more creative capital than he knows what to do with, and it is above these confluences that the rock-monsters of headland, smooth at a distance as the ball of a thumb, throw out their bosses and overhang the sward beneath. The waters, too, have accomplished the patient art of chiseling terrific fans and vaults of bare rock out of screens of vegetation into space, and you can walk along more than one village street and hardly know that it rains. You are umbrellaed by the scapular bones of the earth. But I am not sure the Dordogne does not owe its masterpiece of mingled beauties, that nobility and variety of contour, sweet confusion of nakedness and luxuriance, wildness and welcome, alternations of soft and rugged, to one act of craftsmanship alone. That is the flatness of its valleys. They really are floors; and so the soars and sweeps of the hills really are walls. Not a line is lost, and each one travels on to meet another at a clear run, so that I understood what the Psalmist meant when he sang the dancing of the hills.

The hills that put so fair and strong a face upon the world are hollow, and in

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *February* 27

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their bowels greater wonders than in all the world beside. I spent my time like a marmot diving in and out of holes, from the uncreate limbos of night and skeleton Earth, haunted by the life-hot inspiration of the child-men of old, out again into this lovely world. There were the reindeer teeth embedded in the rubble of Laugerie Basse. A step, and I looked out to the fortified church of Les Eyzies, two square turrets holding up a barn that could stall a herd of urus, the beaming islets of the Vézère, the procession of stooping rock-bastions lit up in old gold beyond the further bank, the valley champaign streaming away to north and south and stuck with little cypresses. Time swung me like a censer from age to age. Or, flylike, I climb the pulpit-rock of Font-de-Gaume and up the twisting pathway in the wake of the cave-bear catching his hairs in the juniper bushes as he slouches, into the mouth of the cavern, — almost it roars, — through the passages, and on to the Hall of the Bisons! The Hall of the Bisons — executed by some Magdalenian Leonardo when Egypt was a babe, when France was Siberia and the trumpeting mammoths churned the gleaming Vézère into mud. Almost I see them when the sun runs to me like a lover again; and I *do* see the cobalt sky, the shaggy hillside over against me, shadow-blue and ribbed with snow, the green-valley carpet between us, and the wall-creeper sidling up and down the rock-face and flirting his rounded wings as he did when that lioness who lives for ever on the cavern wall yawned below him. Did she not purr when the Magdalenian sun shot out at her from the snow-cloud? Now I was held suspended in timelessness.

Or I go spiraling up to the roof of La Mouthe, where the wolfsbane is in bud and the ibex in the cavern below poises eternally for his leap. I look down upon the sons of the Cro-Magnons dressing the hay, piling fagots on to the ox-wains in their shirt-sleeves, the streams sparkling like the crystal gardens of the caverns, hazels dripping in catkins, the women sitting on the grass in their unsightly black cloth with their comely black sheep about them, and a fly-catcher hawking among the osiers. It was January, and a day later came down upon me the Ice Age. Thus I kept on losing my way among these many worlds, world of the half-men of Le Moustier, world of the mighty beasts that live as snorting a life in the recesses of the caves as ever they did in the Great Age of the Mammals, world of the megaliths when the reindeer men met gods and kings and priests and lost their art for ever, world of the monk and the baron, the Catholic and the Huguenot, an Ice Age of the mind with forms of beauty as strange, shy, and tormented as the stalactites of the grottoes, world of the Revolution when the château slipped back into the fold of Nature, world without end of the gloom-mazes of the rock, and world of the primrose. A palimpsest from *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* down to me. Time plays a sonorous carillon in the Dordogne.

For some hours I lived, as it were, an eternal life in the Underworld of the Dordogne. For this is what those fishers and hunters of anything between twelve and six thousand years ago managed to do with their pointed flints, stone saucers of flickering grease, palettes daubed with pounded earths: they transported their surprising world out of the light of day, and in perpetual night enchanted it into a new reality of pulsing and immortal forms, growling, charging, stalking, sniffing, and cropping under your very nose, some ten thousand years after they were born of their Creator's vision. A few, so masterly few, scratches and daubs made by the cave-men in the absolute

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of night, by the first men that *were* men, upon a surface emerged from the grinding and roughing of æons of natural travail — and through the Underworld moves an Eden of the beasts that the ages of the mind with all its voyages and conquests cannot belittle, and the years themselves with their everlasting dull tramp could not wither. The books tell us that the cave-men eternized their subjects as a process of magic for securing their stomachful of the ungulates and protecting themselves against the carnivores. But what about this magic of the spirit, this godlike endowment of men unversed in the kindergarten things we civilized perform by the mechanism of unconscious memory, a secondary magic that from the womb of the rock calls into life, perfect life, the teeming herds of their upper day?

Here are paintings, sculptures, and engravings of men without government or social classes, without war or buildings, and more careless of their own supreme art than Shakespeare of his manuscripts, since I have seen mammoth superposed on bison, reindeer-wild boar on mammoth-bison. Yet they are masterpieces that academy and art school could but lifelessly copy, and remain grandly aloof from all schools, theories, and fashions of art. These savages whose brutalities keep our circulating libraries on a sound financial footing had their dodges, of course — line drawings in black and red, shaded black drawings, frescoes in brown or black monochrome, slight or full polychromes, stipples, flat tints, even impressionist designs of reindeer herds. They were craftsmen all through, and worked in their tough and elementary material as though they had made the rocks for the glory of scratching them. But, however astonishing their technical mastery in a medium so intractable, the supreme fact is that the best of their art is flawless, the flower of perfection blossoming in the inchoate beginnings of human life just taken human form.

Darwinian and man-i'-th'-street alike are, indeed, so obsessed with their cave-man fantasy that the art of the Cro-Magnons, though known for twenty years, has had no influence whatever upon modern thought. And what an art! Owing to candle and electric light and the superb vandalism of visitors who carve their names upon the first and, of their kind, the greatest works of pictorial art achieved by the human race, many of the drawings are going back to rock. It is hard to seize their outlines. But when you do, the rock, urged, it appears, by some ancestral sigh welling from the abysses of our human being, gives birth, and there, seven hundred feet from the mouth of the cave, and fenced within the primeval darkness, is a little steppe-horse cantering over the meadows and with every line, curve, muscle, and tendon of his workmanlike body realized in some casual strokes with a dash of shading. A bison rampant with eyes of fire, a toy mammoth full of comedy — with these acts of creation taking shape every minute, one might be watching a drama of Genesis. In the Grotte des Eyzies there is the shadow of a bear on the wall and *the bear is behind you* — no, no, it 's only a Magdalenian bas-relief.

At Cap Blanc, high up in a scoop of the cliff looking toward the twelfth-century château of Comarques, square and scowling over three valleys, is a sculptured horse standing in its rock stable with a repose and majesty so profound, and caught and fixed so marvelously, that, as for Dürer, the only draftsman of animals in all the civilized ages who has ever approached these wild artists whose fathers knew the Mousterian ape-men — well, Dürer would have known his brethren. Here

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I have said nothing about the beautiful carvings in bone, ivory, and horn of these ancient children who confound the wise. And I have a copy of a laughing horse originally done in reindeer-horn which is a grotesque as authentic as any executed with a 'kindly malice' on a mediæval capital. It has been the theorists of the cave-man who have lacked a sense of humor.

From their Red Sea shells, and from other indications that I cannot go into here, one knows that these uncouth ones had wide intercommunications and practised a cult of life which subsequently in Egypt was systematized into a religion. From their tools, from the Esquimaux who were the lineal descendants of a branch of the Cro-Magnons, and from the study of other genuinely primitive peoples still in existence, one concludes that the cave-men of the Upper Palæolithic, whose fictitious example has served the modern doctors and preachers of mankind with so many delusions and so criminal a gospel of the nature of man, had peace unbroken in their time. They were not pacifists — they never knew there was such a thing as war. Was it from them and their kin that the persistent human tradition of the Golden Age was born? Truly, in the Dordogne they had the right setting for it.

THE SENSE OF SMELL [1]

BY DR. ERIC PONDER

CONSIDERING how important they are to us, our five senses have received at the hands of present-day science rather less than their proper share of attention. We know a good deal about the sense of sight, because it is indispensable to us; about the sense of hearing we know less; and when we come to the most primitive of the special senses, that of smell, we know practically nothing at all. Whatever other reasons there may be for this, one is that smell plays a comparatively small part in our modern life; it is a much neglected sense, usually dismissed as being vestigial or undeveloped and scarcely worthy of serious attention. Sensations of smell are perceived by an organ of extreme simplicity, and yet by one that has extraordinary powers of discrimination; unnoticed though they be, they of all sensations have the greatest effect on our thoughts and emotions. Indeed, the sense of smell, instead of being the last, might well be considered the first of the five, whether we give it this place because of its importance, its primitiveness, or its mystery. It is more nearly connected with our inner emotional life than are the more practically useful senses of sight and hearing, and at the same time a study of it presents more interesting points than most people realize.

Sensations of smell, unless you like to count those of touch, are the most elementary sensations we know, occurring as they do throughout the whole scale of animal creation, even in

[1] From *Discovery* (London popular-science monthly), *March*

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creatures so lowly as the sea anemone. As one might expect, the organ that receives these sensations is in itself simple, consisting of myriads of tiny units, — the olfactory cells, — whose appearance is invariable throughout the entire animal kingdom. Each little cell is a rod-shaped body ending in an enlargement on which is a cluster of fine hairs; at the other end of the cell is a nerve fibre which, joining with others, forms the olfactory nerve or nerve of smell proceeding to the brain. In man these little cells are restricted to a small area — about a square inch in size — situated in the deeply seated parts of the nose, the little hairs of the cells projecting into the current of air that is always passing up and down as we breathe. In some animals, such as the dog, the cells occupy a larger area in the nose, while in others, such as the whales and seals, the area is much smaller; indeed, the development of the olfactory organ appears to go hand in hand with the animal's requirements, the dog and the four-footed tribe obviously needing the sense of smell more than do the seals and whales. In insects the olfactory cells lie in little culs-de-sac in the antennæ and mouth parts, while in the sea anemone they are found on the surface of the skin; wherever they are situated their structure is much the same — just rod-shaped cells with hairs at one end. And wherever they are found there is to be seen lying among them certain pigment cells — cells of great importance, as we shall see.

Compared with the ear or the eye, the structure of the olfactory organ is therefore one of great simplicity. 'Yes,' you will say, 'but look how much simpler its function is. The nose has only to deal with smells, much simpler things than colors or sounds.' In which remark you are mistaken. The sense of smell possesses an unrivaled power of discrimination, for we can, by this simple organ, detect the most minute quantities of odorous substances in the air we breathe.

The special instrument used for finding the sensitivity of the olfactory cells to various odors is called an olfactometer, there being many different forms. One of the most commonly used consists of a porous tube that slides over a fixed metal tube; according to the position of the porous tube, which is impregnated with the odorous substance, a greater or a less quantity of that substance is carried to the nostrils. If the tube is saturated with vanillin, we find that the average person can recognize as little as one thousand-millionth of a gramme. Nor is this the limit, for other substances are recognized in even smaller quantity. This extraordinary power of perception is well enough known to everybody, for we all know that we can detect impurity in the air of a room by the smell, although chemical tests are quite unable to show the presence of impurities. But the sense of smell is not characterized by its power of perception alone; it has just as remarkable a power of discrimination. The variety of odors is unlimited — there are all the natural odors, the odors of the plant world and of animals, perfumes belonging to minerals and inorganic material, and the innumerable perfumes of substances synthesized by chemists. Each one the sense of smell can recognize as different; its powers of discrimination are practically unlimited.

Although we can recognize and distinguish an enormous number of odors, we can name very few. There used to be a popular parlor game that consisted of smelling a number of unlabeled bottles, each of which contained a substance with a smell, and

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then naming each substance by its odor. This is a very difficult thing to do, for, although we can generally distinguish between the odors of two substances, even if they are very similar, it is often impossible to name the substances to which the odors belong. The difficulty arises principally from the vagueness with which we speak of smells. While we refer to colors in a definite way, and while we can describe a sound as minutely as we like by giving its pitch and quality, we cannot speak of 'the mouldy smell' or 'the stuffy smell' with the same precision that we can speak of the color violet or of the sound called a whistle. The sense of smell is devoid of description; it has no language, and from this point of view is indeed undeveloped. The best we can do is to divide odors into ethereal, aromatic, garlicy, disgusting, and nauseating smells — all vague terms, for into each group there fall thousands of different odors, each of which is easily distinguished by us.

The simple organ of smell thus appears to have anything but a simple function. We can to some extent understand how the ear and the eye perform their duties, for we are helped by their complex appearance, but what can one make of the olfactory organ — a mass of cells with hairs, and a few pigment cells? What key does the structure give us? Very little; it is all too simple, and thus mysterious. Many theories have been put forward, some likely, some impossible, to explain how these cells function; no single one can be accepted without reservation, but it may interest the reader to be told the little we know.

Anything we smell must be in a gaseous state, for it has to be carried to the nostrils in the air that we breathe. It may be in the inspired air, as when we smell a perfume, or in the expired air passing from the region of the mouth and throat into the nose, as are the substances that are responsible for the flavor of food and drink; for flavor is not perceived by the sense of taste, but by the sense of smell, as anyone who has had his nose blocked up by a cold will realize. The odorous substance is thus brought into contact with the hairs of the olfactory cells, which are apparently stimulated, and a sensation of smell results. This is agreed; but how does the stimulation occur? Is it chemical, the odorous substance affecting the hairs like a chemical reagent, or is it physical, depending on waves in the air or ether, as is the case in the senses of hearing and sight? Here admitted fact ends, and speculation begins; some people claim that the effect is chemical, and others that it is physical.

We seek in vain for any relation between chemical constitution and smell; although certain substances that are called 'aromatics' have both the same odor and a similar chemical constitution, and although certain compounds of arsenic and phosphorus smell of garlic, any relation between chemical composition and odor breaks down completely as we examine it more closely. Artificial and natural musk, for instance, have the same odor, but are chemically utterly different; prussic acid and nitrobenzol smell the same, but are totally unlike in structure. Many other examples could be given of the failure of this suggestion, and we have therefore to seek explanations on other lines.

Impressed by this failure, physiologists have been led to suggest that the action of odorous substances may be not chemical but physical. The minute particles of which the substances are made up — particles called molecules — are known to be in a state of very rapid vibration, and it is supposed that these rapid movements

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set up in the surrounding air little waves, just as the movement of a stone sets up ripples on a pond. These tiny waves are then propagated through the air in the nose, and fall on the hairs of the olfactory cells, which are caused to rock to and fro thereby; the movements of the hairs thus set up an impulse in the cell to which they are attached, the impulse is carried to the brain, and there interpreted as a smell. In this way the vibrating molecules act somewhat like a wireless transmitter, and the hairs of the cells like a detector, the principal difference being that the waves, instead of being metres in length, are exceedingly short — shorter, indeed, than the waves of light. Since a molecule of camphor vibrates at a different rate from a molecule of, say, turpentine, each sets up its own particular length of wave; the hairs of the olfactory cells are stimulated in the one case by a wave of a particular length, and in the other by one which is perhaps shorter; in this way it comes about that camphor is recognized as smelling differently from turpentine, and in the same way we can have as many different kinds of smell recognized as there are lengths of wave that can be generated and received.

To this theory, too, there are some serious objections, for, if there were not, the sense of smell would not be the mystery it is. According to the theory, prussic acid should smell the same as steam, for the waves generated are identical. Of course, they do not smell the same, for one is odorless while the other smells powerfully of almonds. Thus we have still the unsolved problem; the chemical explanation fails us, and the physical explanation fails us too — neither accounts for the facts, and the sense of smell guards its secrets. It may be, of course, that both theories are true in part, or that the exceptions are only apparent exceptions that would disappear if we knew the facts more fully, but so far we have to admit defeat.

Nor does the problem end with the olfactory cells which, because they terminate in nerves, we take to be the principal receiving elements, for it seems that the pigment cells that surround them also play their part in the perception of odors. In some animals whose sense of smell is very acute, such as the dog and the deer, these pigment cells are very prominent, and richly loaded with their colored material. On the other hand, in animals with a poor sense of smell, such as seals, there are very few pigment cells, and in albinos, which have no pigment cells at all, we find the sense of smell almost absent. This fact is well known to sheep-rearers in certain parts of the world, for they refuse to rear albino sheep, knowing well that they will be unable, because of their poorly developed sense of smell, to detect poisonous plants, and that sooner or later they will die through eating herbs which their better-equipped brethren would avoid. The part played by the pigment cells also explains why dark-skinned races have a better sense of smell than the white races, and also why our sense of smell becomes more acute as we grow older, — unlike any other sense, — for with advancing age more pigment is laid down among the olfactory cells.

We are perhaps rather apt to look upon the sense of smell as one that is fixed and unalterable; we know that eyesight fails with age, and that the sense of hearing is subject to very diverse modifications, but so fixed an idea have we of the simplicity of the olfactory sense that we never think that equally interesting observations attach themselves to it. As a matter of fact, recent investigations have

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shown that there are as many curiosities attached to this sense as to any other. As I have said, it is the only sense that becomes more acute with age. Infants, as soon as they are born, perceive odors, but apparently not strongly; as the child grows up, the sense slowly develops until about the age of fourteen, when a curious difference between the olfaction of the male and the female makes its appearance. After this age, not only has the female a more acute sense of smell than has the male, but each prefers a different kind of odorous substance. Men like such odors as pine oil, musk, and cedar oil, while women as a rule dislike them. Women, on the other hand, show a preference for scents that men dislike, especially for camphor, menthol, and citronella. Why these differences should exist is not known, but they are very sharply marked. It has been suggested that they may be based on those factors that are said to determine the more acute sense of smell in females — excessive smoking among men, this tending to dull the sense, and the greater need for olfaction in women, since they engage in cooking and the domestic arts. If this be the reason, the differences will soon disappear with the advance of modern tendencies.

As we grow older the sense of smell becomes, not only more acute, but more discriminating. Such tastes as the liking for high game and overripe cheese are not natural; they are acquired only as age advances, and are quite foreign to young people. The development as we grow older is also connected with another fact: as we have increasing experience we tend to take more notice of our sensations. From this point of view the sense of smell is eminently adapted to education, for if we pay attention to our perceptions of odors, as a winetaster or a gourmet does, we can easily cultivate the sense and increase its discriminating powers. This occurs to an extraordinary extent in a few people who have so keen a sense of smell that they can distinguish people by their odor, and even streets by their own peculiar aroma. Whitechapel, I dare say, smells differently from Mayfair, and no doubt many could recognize the difference; but how many do? Not very many, for most of us think that we can get on quite well without the sense of olfaction, so far as matters of ordinary life are concerned, and so become accustomed to allow our sensations to pass unnoticed. But because they are unnoticed, we are by no means uninfluenced by them.

This is just what constitutes the peculiarity of the sense of smell. We get sensations, as with any other sense, but for some peculiar reason they do not always pass over the threshold into consciousness, and, if they do pass, they are frequently unrecognizably altered in the process. Take an example: You may go to a disused house, and as you enter you feel a curious and unexplainable repugnance to the place. The idea cannot be shaken off, and you elaborate it half unconsciously; you say you feel that there is something sinister about the place, and you may even end by believing that it is haunted. All that has really happened, in nine cases out of ten, is that your sense of smell, more alert than you give it credit to be, has informed you that the place smells unventilated and musty. But this sensation does not pass into consciousness as it stands — unless it is a very strong one and the house actually reeks of something; it becomes changed, transposed into something other than a mere perception of smell, and gives rise to a vague fear and feeling of discomfort. Sensations of smell are almost unique in this

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respect; relegated to unused attics of our minds, they appear in unrecognized forms through other channels. Many of the unexplained antipathies that certain people possess — as, for instance, the very general dislike of cats and the ability of knowing, by a kind of vague feeling, when one of the detested creatures is in a room — can be explained in a somewhat similar way. It is quite likely that under these circumstances one is warned of the cat's presence by an unnoticed sensation of smell.

Not only is the olfactory sense itself a very subsidiary one for the purposes of everyday life, but the memory of odors is in most people exceedingly defective. Out of every hundred people, only about ten or fifteen can recollect in a realistic way a particular odor; if you ask the average person to call up in his mind the smell of roses, he will probably fail completely. Sometimes by concentrating his mind on a scene which, in his past experience, was associated with roses, he may succeed, but even then the realism of the memory in no way compares with the actual sensation of the fragrance of the flowers. This is, of course, the inevitable result of our paying so little attention to our olfactory sensations. But suppose that we now reverse the process, and give the person roses to smell, perferably when his mind is unoccupied by any particular train of thought; at once, in nine cases out of ten, some past scene rises into his mind, emotions are let loose, and he recalls things long past that he could not have remembered by the greatest effort. Odors are an unfailing key to the subconscious, and arouse more emotions than do any other sensation.

The sense of smell is thus one of those little islands untouched by the advance of science, unclaimed for its proper use; we do not know how the olfactory organ functions, we know little about olfactory memory, we do not know enough about the potentialities of the sense to employ it usefully. There are many such little islands, but there are few on which the amateur investigator, armed with nothing but his interest and a power of observation, can advance so safely and with such prospects of finding what others have missed in their search.

THE NEWSPAPER SOLILOQUIZES

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Observer*]

YES; yes; I am old. In me appears
The history of a hundred years;
Empires', kings', captives' births and deaths;
Strange faiths, and fleeting shibboleths:
Tragedy, comedy, throngs my page
Beyond all mummed on any stage: —
Cold hearts beat hot, hot hearts beat cold,
And I beat on. Yes; yes; I am old.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

REINHARDT AND ČAPEK ON ENGLAND

DRAMATIC critics have not been wanting in Germany to protest against the number of English plays imported to their stage — perhaps a typical example of Reviewers' Grouch, since there is no reason to suppose that these plays have not answered a genuine demand on the part of theatregoers. Max Reinhardt, the producer chiefly culpable, said as much not long ago to a correspondent of the *Observer*. 'The modern British playwright is giving the world what it wants to-day. I am astounded at the immense amount of dramatic talent now being manifested in England, and I have bought a number of new plays for production in Berlin.' This remark was made during a rehearsal of Somerset Maugham's *Victoria*, and the correspondent notes that Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, was simultaneously in preparation by Barnowsky, another famous Berlin manager.

Herr Reinhardt pursued his observations by suggesting that this taste for English drama is due to the atmosphere of lightness and humor with which it handles modern conditions. 'This the public wants, and this we cannot get just now from any other country. But I personally cannot see that we are doing any more for the reputation of the British playwright than we have always done. What about Shaw's reputation having been made here, and the fact that Wilde has never been forgotten? It seems to me to lie in the fact of Germany's geographical position that foreign plays will always be welcomed here whatever the Germans are writing. Did we not play Ibsen when nobody else did? And Tolstoi? And Italian plays of all descriptions? The German theatre has welcomed every sort of French play. To-day these have not the success of the English drama here. It is only because England is giving us what nobody else can give just now that we are putting on English plays in preference to others.'

Further to the east English literature is coming into its own in a no less telling way. A firm of publishers in Prague is designing a series of translations from English and American classic writers to be known as the 'Standard Library.' Karel Čapek, the best known of contemporary Czech writers, — by virtue chiefly of *R. U. R.*, — has written to the editor of this library expressing great enthusiasm for the project, and making some interesting generalizations about the English temperament in literature. He observes that a sojourn in England impressed upon him that the most remarkable thing about the country is that it is all so like English literature. 'I am still uncertain,' he says, — with perhaps an ironical allusion to Taine's famous theories about the effect of climate on literature, — 'whether it is the English climate that has such an influence on English literature, or whether, on the contrary, English literature is the cause of the English climate and other customs.'

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It is a diverting notion that English tragedy may be the cause of London fogs, and the humor of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dickens responsible for the English spring. But Mr. Čapek must not be pressed too far on the grounds of what is perhaps not a scientific speculation, especially since he proceeds to another observation of a less questionable sort. Sitting in the editor's English garden on one occasion, he says, 'I realized one great feature of English literature — its absolute Englishness. Indeed, no other literature, except the Russian, is as national as English literature. . . . It is true that we have something to learn from England; it is not, however, their Protestantism, or their golf, or their English cooking, or the English Sunday, but the English passion to live in an English manner and to seek salvation in an English way. That is an example that English literature provides, and that I regard as particularly sound for our national health.'

In this same connection, it is interesting to hear of a one-act play on Shakespeare produced in Budapest at the opening of the annual Shakespeare cycle of the National Theatre. Readers of the *Living Age* will remember that Dr. Hevesi, the director, is a well-known Shakespearean scholar and translator, and that he produces the plays of the great Englishman not only because of their literary importance but because they infallibly draw well. The present play, entitled *The Swan Song*, treats of Shakespeare's last hours in Stratford, stifled by the atmosphere of Puritanism that has begun to creep over England. Lines from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that he hears recited by a young player in a traveling troupe recall to him his triumphant earlier days, and in a state of some excitement he draws forth a Hamlet costume from a property trunk, and dies in it after dictating the last lines of *The Tempest*.

*

AMERICA AND ART

It did not need the news of Mr. Munsey's princely bequest to alarm many art-lovers in Europe at the spectacle of America's gradually accumulating the treasures of the Old World. That news, however, probably acted as the immediate incentive to the introduction into the House of Commons of a bill by Sir Henry Slesser to prohibit the export from the United Kingdom of certain works of art. This bill will apply to buildings as well as to paintings and sculpture. One might suppose that all right-thinking Britishers would agree to this method of combating the menace in question, yet two such distinguished authorities as Sir Joseph Duveen and Sir Flinders Petrie express exactly the opposite opinion in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

Sir Joseph points out that to permit the sale of landed estates and to prohibit the sale of works of art housed on those estates is as illogical as anything could well be; both possessions are likely to be inheritances from a man's ancestors, and, as the value of the pictures is likely to be the greater of the two, the dictates of genuine patriotism and family feeling would advise their sale. Further, the inflow of American capital that results from this exchange is of inestimable value to British industry, and is not accompanied by any real impoverishment of British galleries. 'Nothing,' concludes Sir Joseph, 'can be more helpful in cementing the friendship of the two nations than this exchange of Romneys, Reynolds, and Gainsboroughs for hard cash.'

This last point is the one Sir Flinders Petrie chiefly dwells on in speaking of the 'carting' of English manor

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houses and the like to America; so long as old and unusable buildings are taxed as they now are, he says, their owners will be justified in disposing of them — and without any more evil results, after all, than the acquisition by Anglo-Saxon Americans of a certain number of fine old examples of British architecture. Sir Charles Holmes, the director of the National Gallery, calls attention in the same paper to the recent purchase in New York of a portrait by John Linnell at the Leverhulme Sale as an indication that American art-collectors are capable of more daring than they have often been credited with. Linnell was a painter of real distinction, and this picture is an excellent one, but in England he has not yet been fully appreciated, and his pictures are a drug on the market.

✤

MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE ON EACH OTHER

We know what Ben Jonson thought of Shakespeare, — whom he 'loved, this side idolatry, as much as any man,' — but we have no way of knowing directly what Shakespeare thought of Ben. That judgment would be an entertaining one; and we should be no less happy to have Shakespeare's frank opinion of his older contemporary, Kit Marlowe. The *Saturday Review* has latterly inaugurated a series of literary competitions set by its editors and regular contributors, of whom Mr. Ivor Brown, the dramatic critic, has been not the least ingenious. He challenged competitors to phrase in a hundred words each or less Shakespeare's opinion of Marlowe, and Marlowe's opinion of Shakespeare. 'These opinions are supposed to be expressed in conversation in the absence of the man discussed, and the date imagined is just before Marlowe's death in 1593.'

The winning and the second-prize entries are printed in a recent *Saturday*. We lean to the latter on the grounds both of language and of dramatic subtlety. It runs as follows: —

Marlowe speaks: —

Young Shakespeare? A forward fellow, but useful, Burbage tells me, in patching of old matter. He 'll never go far, but far enough, no doubt, to ape his betters. Has a quick ear for a phrase and a shrewd wit to make it his own, but little skilled in fancy. What I most mislike in the dog is his meanfistedness, every groat saved, shares bought in theatres — what manner of poet is this that will turn usurer? A fellow devoid of learning, too. O one of the ruck, I tell you, one of the ruck. . . .

Shakespeare speaks: —

Master Marlowe counts a bare few months older than I, yet already is the world enriched by him. How fortunate is our age from which so bright a star is risen! How fierce a passion, how tender a sweetness, how dark a tragedy, hath he already mirrored for his generation! Truly, I would the man kept better company, yet must he ever move as a whale among minnows. And which of us may ever hope to rival him in poesy? The name of Marlowe, I tell you, will be writ large in England when all we lie forgot.

✤

THE FRENCH STAGE AGAIN

If M. Henry Bidou, the literary director of the new Theatre of Young Authors in Paris, may be taken as an authority, the vogue of the light comedy — which M. William Speth bewailed in an article recently quoted here — is doomed, and the French stage is on the verge of an era in which tragedy will resume a rôle of great importance. The Theatre of Young Authors was founded last year by a group of fifty-two playwrights, some well known, some obscure, for the sake of making possible the production of plays by young writers whom commer-

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cial managers could not — under the difficult financial circumstances of the French theatre — undertake to launch on the boards. In an article in *L'Illustration* M. Bidou says that the majority of the manuscripts he has read have been tragedies, and that they have been dominated by a type of tragic action due less to outer events than to the character of the personages.

✠

AN ART ROBBERY

NOT since the theft of the 'Mona Lisa' from the Louvre has so singular a crime been committed in the museum world as the recent theft of four Constable landscapes from the Royal Academy in London. And the freakishness of the crime was enhanced by the anonymous return of three of the four pictures to the editorial offices of the *Daily Mail* — which had given the affair considerable publicity. 'Picture-stealing in this manner almost ranks as a fine art,' comments the *Times*. 'Here was no bungling, but a swift and confident abduction of the coveted objects.' The boldness of the crime suggests the professional criminal, but its character makes such an explanation unlikely. 'The psychoanalyst,' observes the *Westminster Gazette*, 'is probably better qualified than Scotland Yard to suggest a convincing motive. At all events, the hand of the professional thief is scarcely to be looked for here, for stolen pictures are highly dangerous contraband and more difficult to dispose of profitably than almost anything else.'

✠

A CONCRETE CHURCH

THE possibilities of such modern building-materials as concrete for other than merely utilitarian purposes have been brilliantly illustrated by the architects of a church in Le Raincy, an outlying suburb of Paris. According to pictures of the exterior and interior of this church in the *Manchester Guardian*, it achieves a genuinely fresh type of architectural beauty without more than a suggestion of grotesqueness. Its outlines are roughly reminiscent of those of a Gothic building, but a second glance reveals how far the construction is from being strictly Gothic and how freely the detail has been allowed to deviate from that norm. High vertical pillars, ribbing at the corners the square stages of the spire, are the most conspicuous feature of the exterior, and the interior is made memorable by the vast amount of wall-space occupied by glass — an effect made possible by the basic material itself.

✠

A POET AND A MOUNTAIN-TOP

A REAL mountain-top — a peaked and snowy one, not a mere metaphorical eminence. At last Gabriele d'Annunzio is to have a piece of personal property worthy of him, if he accepts the offer of Prince Hermann of Schönburg-Waldenburg, who wants to give him the peak of Monte Nevoso in the province of Carnaro, where his estates are situated. The Prince, according to the *Morning Post*, is one of the most conspicuous figures among those who have taken Italian citizenship since the annexation of the new provinces, and a great admirer, not unnaturally, of the chauvinist poet. The Rome correspondent of the *Post* does not say to what purpose Signor d'Annunzio will be expected to put his somewhat lonely freehold, but a name that rimes with *glorioso*, *maestoso*, and *pomposo* should prove useful in itself.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Die Neuentstehende Welt, by Hermann Graf Keyserling. Darmstadt: Verlag O. Reichl.

[*Neue Freie Presse*]

COUNT KEYSERLING'S recently published little volume is worth being read by everybody. Here one may really find that constantly demanded 'standpoint beyond the sects' that is neither a flight from reality nor a compromise. Keyserling shows things as they are, — not, as so many novelists do, in an impressionistic way, but in order to achieve the expression of a philosophy, — and I cannot see on what grounds the picture he draws can be attacked. Whether the world he describes pleases you or terrifies you, whether you look upon it optimistically as a necessary transition or pessimistically as a collapse, depends of course on your individual attitude. . . .

I shall not attempt to convince the reader of the exceptional importance of this book by using stale superlatives. I hope I have said enough to prove that at the very least it will show him where he stands in the 'newly emerging world,' and whether he belongs with the 'chauffeurs' [Keyserling's term for the technically-minded moderns], with the romantics, or with the forerunners of a new thought-movement which, if it becomes a reality, — as a result of its intellectual infectiousness, — will take in all mankind.

Last Essays, by Joseph Conrad. London: J. M. Dent and Sons; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MOST of the twenty essays included in this volume were written after the publication of *Notes on Life and Letters* in 1921, and Mr. Richard Curle, who edits them, believes that the book completes the publication of such of Conrad's miscellaneous writing as is worth preserving. These essays, mostly recovered from the files of the press, deal with a wide range of subjects, but there has been no ransacking of a dead man's papers to find scraps with which to pad out a book. They are all well worth their place. Five, which Mr. Curle has grouped together, were, he thinks, to have formed the nucleus for a pendant volume to the *Mirror of the Sea*. They are filled with the same finely reflective reminiscence of great ships and of great souls in far places that marked the earlier volume. They include a long essay, written in 1924, on the fascination the old explorers had for Conrad, and the delightfully whimsical championship, after crossing the Atlantic in the Tuscania in 1923, of the older, sterner, simpler life of the sailing ship.

Two essays with the war at sea as their background follow — 'The Unlighted Coast,' written for the Admiralty after a ten days' cruise in the Ready in 1917, and 'The Dover Patrol.' A charming paper on 'Travel,' written as a preface to Mr. Curle's book, *Into the East*, well deserves inclusion. And one feels that Conrad himself would have wished that the two essays on his friend Stephen Crane should find a place. They reveal, in their intimate and affectionate account of the friendship, so much of Conrad himself that they are especially welcome. The most considerable of the other essays — a review of Galsworthy's *The Man of Property* — gives fine proof of that wide and subtle understanding of letters on which Conrad's own art was based. In the main the volume, unlike many postscripts, is of durable stuff that can take its place as an integral part of Conrad's work.

The Hounds of Spring, by Sylvia Thompson. London: William Heinemann; Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Publication.) $2.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

IN *The Hounds of Spring* Miss Sylvia Thompson adds one more to the many novels that present the Great War as an unqualified though unavoidable disaster; and there is happily a touch of individual distinction in her handling of the subject. Nor has she fallen into the common error of subordinating her characters to her theme; for Colin Russell, Zina and Wendy Renner, Hope Chase, and the few other principals, exist in their own right, not merely as the illustrations of an argument. She is justified in believing that these people are, to quote the words of her preface, 'in their infinitesimal way the human atoms which, fused by Events, go to make that subtle mass of stuff that solidifies into History.' They are, in brief, at once typical and personal; and to have made them so is an achievement that inclines one to forgive minor faults —

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formal untidiness and disregard of economy — due to inexperience.

Zina is the lovely daughter of Sir Edgar Renner, a naturalized Englishman of Austrian birth; and Colin Russell is a young man fresh from Oxford to whom she is engaged to be married. She herself, when we first meet her, has not yet emerged from dreaming girlhood; she is intoxicated with life and with her lover, and when the war breaks out and he enlists she cannot for a long time realize the magnitude of the horror that has befallen. It is brought home to her finally in the obvious way; but Miss Thompson succeeds in investing the obvious with significance. When Colin is reported 'Missing, believed killed,' Zina takes a tragic leap into maturity. 'How very queer,' she remarks, frigidly self-controlled; and her heart hardens against life. In this state of petrification she remains for two years; and then, in a spirit of carelessness, tinged faintly with a sensuality born of boredom and despair, she accepts in marriage an obtuse middle-aged divorcé. Whereupon Colin, perhaps a little too promptly, reappears on the scene, having by now recovered from his shell-shock and the resultant loss of memory. To summarize the plot further would do Miss Thompson an injustice, for no summary could give an adequate idea of the freshness of treatment which she brings to an oft-told story.

The Letters of Maurice Hewlett, edited by Laurence Binyon. London: Methuen. 18*s*.

[*Observer*]

Hewlett needed only a friend in the Antipodes to be a letter-writer of the first rank. He had a vigorous personality and a still more vigorous method of expressing it; moreover, his interests never simmered, but boiled over, and sometimes away. The bulk of this collection is composed of brief notes scribbled to friends whom he expected to meet again in a few days. But in every page, every line, is the real Hewlett tang, strong and sweet. If he thinks of a joke he shoves it in, and if he is unhappy he says so, and otherwise he keeps to business. Indeed, the letters seem not so much written as shouted to somebody in the next room. He does not begin: 'On many points I do not seem entirely to have made clear my attitude toward this vexed question.' He begins: 'Before God you do me foul wrong. There's no controversy about anything.' And when his son is missing in December 1914, his letters to his friends, acknowledging their sympathy and communicating his anxiety, are magnificently undramatic. He ranted for a jest, but he ensued truth.

What comes out very plain is the existence beneath florid phrases and luxuriant fantasy of a curiously ascetic idealism. 'Nothing outside the world of sensation and experience interests me at all,' he writes, '*except* the unceasing effort of men to get outside it.' The exception grew more and more important with the years. It was a laughing cavalier who wrote *The Forest Lovers*, and found fun in the repute and money brought thereby. The Hewlett who at over sixty moves into a cottage and starts reviewing, as being, after all, a more honest craft than writing second-rate fiction, reminds us of his Puritan ancestry. What began with the romanticism of appearances ended with the romanticism of the spirit.

Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh: 1879–1922. Edited by Lady Raleigh. 2 vols. London: Methuen; New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.00.

[*Morning Post*]

How many men are there whose collected letters — unpremeditated effusions addressed to relatives and friends — would fill two stout volumes, and make matter as lively and entertaining for the general reader as it was for the fortunate few to whom it was addressed? Until these Letters of the late Sir Walter Raleigh were published, even those who knew him best could not measure the full worth and extent of his contribution to literature. They take precedence even of his Milton and his Shakespeare, for they are a creation, albeit written by a critic in the course of criticism. They present a personality — a rare and lovable spirit, whose essential humanity could not be hidden by any professor's cap and gown. For the most part, private letters are too loaded with transient, personal things to have any interest beyond the home and the circle for which they were intended. But these Raleigh letters, though they extend over a period of more than forty years, are all alive in every line. They breathe zest; there is no dead stuff anywhere. Whatever they touch on, they kindle into interest and significance; and even when they express serious literary criticisms, they do it with the spontaneous, informal vigor of one who flings his meaning into words.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Comes the Blind Fury, by Raymond Escholier. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925. $2.00.

THE first half of *Comes the Blind Fury*, without the second half, would be inexcusable. It deals with the upbringing which two puritanical French grandparents give to the illegitimate daughter of their wayward son. As time goes on the evil element in the girl's blood becomes predominant. She seeks an independence which she is forbidden to find. While still young she suddenly loses her eyesight. From now on the spirit of the book is quite different. One observes the heroine objectively rather than subjectively. In blindness she stumbles down the same pathway as her parents before her. M. Escholier, one suspects, was considerably more successful in his attempt to make the heroine a normal creature than his translator allows us to realize. Yet, as M. Escholier has been able to conceive such a fantastic plot, it is not surprising that his characters should be unreal. One feels that the author is straining for an Ibsenian effect without the strength to attain it.

Fools and Philosophers, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

NEITHER the present title nor the alternative, *Fools — or Philosophers*, adequately suggests the variety of types in this little anthology of passages from English humorous prose illustrating the author's study of *The English Comic Characters*. It includes, that is to say, such figures as Falstaff and Micawber and Parson Adams, who are capable of combining both folly and philosophy, along with immitigable fools like Mr. Collins from *Pride and Prejudice*, and full-fledged philosophers like Mr. Shandy. Mr. Priestley has done his work skillfully, and if he has drawn pretty heavily on Dickens and Shakespeare, rejecting much equally worthy material, he has included nothing that cannot be read with at least mild mirth.

Starbrace, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $2.00.

THOUGH it often seems a mistake to resurrect an early work of an author who has become famous since its publication, we cannot read Miss Kaye-Smith's second novel, *Starbrace*, without recognizing its power. It tells us the dramatic, not to say melodramatic, story of Miles Starbrace, an uncouth Sussex lad of eighteenth-century England. His adoption by and revolt against his stern aristocratic grandfather, his stormy love-affair with a young lady of quality, his blood-curdling adventures as a highwayman, and his tragic death on the field of battle, almost persuade one that the plot is worthy of the motion-picture screen. In spite of the facts that no woman can deal adequately with man in his moments of crude virility and that this novel bears not a few earmarks of an early attempt, *Starbrace* fills the bill for those who respond to a rousing blood-and-thunder adventure story, as absorbing as it is impossible.

Fernande, by W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1926. $2.00.

THIS novel is the latest addition to the list of W. B. Maxwell's successes. Fernande is an unusual woman whose contradictory personality is fatally attractive to men. Unfortunate in her surroundings as a child, she is possessed of great strength of character, which in the end responds to the challenge of a great crisis and releases her admirer Eric Bowen from an intolerable situation. The millionaire employer of Bowen is exceedingly well drawn, and stands in bold contrast to Fernande. The interest is well sustained, and the result of the conflict of loyalties plausible.

India, by Sir Valentine Chirol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $3.00.

EMINENTLY suited to his task, Sir Valentine Chirol has added a notable volume to the Modern World series by this study of India. With an impartial pen he writes of the character, achievements, and ambitions of Indian and British administrator alike, and places in their proper perspective the factors that have made the India of to-day. His discussions of the caste system and the Hindu-Mohammedan conflict are conspicuously clear, and in his effort to understand the Indian character he has at least attained a high degree of success. His opinion is that certain great changes must be wrought before Great Britain can claim to have finished her work in India.

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"UNDOUBTEDLY A LARGE PROPORTION OF READERS OF THIS ARTICLE ARE THEMSELVES CRIMINALS"

JUDGE CHARLES C. NOTT, JR., of the Court of General Sessions, New York City, is the author of this frank opinion on the readers of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

He adds that they are "liable to many years in some Federal penitentiary if punished for their every violation of the Volstead Act."

* * *

"Let each reader, therefore, ask himself whether he would break the law tomorrow if he positively *knew* that he would spend a year in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary if he broke it."

* * *

Judge Nott's "Coddling Criminals" in the May Scribner's Magazine, published today, is terse, biting, straight-thinking, and is even more provocative than his "The Juror's Part in Crime" in the January Scribner's.

* * *

It's an unusual number — this May Scribner's — for when you open it you are impressed by the remarkable drawings by W. J. Aylward and Caroline Singer's romantic and amazing story of the chief man in the Japanese art world of today and his pilgrimage to find Michael Angelo.

* * *

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, foremost atomic physicist, tells of his experiments in stripping the atom and causing it to run wildly in all directions to get electrons with which to clothe itself properly. (Note — Watch and Ward Society need not be alarmed)

* * *

Will James tells a tale of "Smoky — A One-Man Horse — At Work" in the vivid language of the cowboy and with pictures that stir your blood.

* * *

"A handful might have chosen to march with Jesus on a frosty night. But an army came out to sing for hot dogs" says Will Rose in "Small-Town Gastronomy."

"It takes a strong stomach to keep a small town on the map."

* * *

William Lyon Phelps tells you what he would do if he had a billion dollars. He expresses his opinion of intercollegiate athletics and of the suppression of free speech, and adds his charming causerie on books.

* * *

John Galsworthy's new novel "The Silver Spoon" speeds along in a fascinating manner, while Mr. Galsworthy characterizes practical politicians, pan-joys, and others in our modern world.

* * *

Leonard Cline, Leigh Morton, and Stella Beehler Ruddock tell lively stories in diverse styles.

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All this in the May Scribner's, all published today, and all for the price of a ticket to the movies, or a dessert,

* * *

Or a good cigar.

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